

THE WAR CRY

OF THE BLOOD AND FIRE
OF THE SALVATION ARMY IN CANADA & NEWFOUNDLAND

AND OFFICIAL GAZETTE

WILLIAM BOOTH, GENERAL.
T.B. COOMBS, COMMISSIONER.

Vol. 1.

TORONTO, OCTOBER 6, 1906.

Price 2 Cents.



MRS. COLONEL KYLE

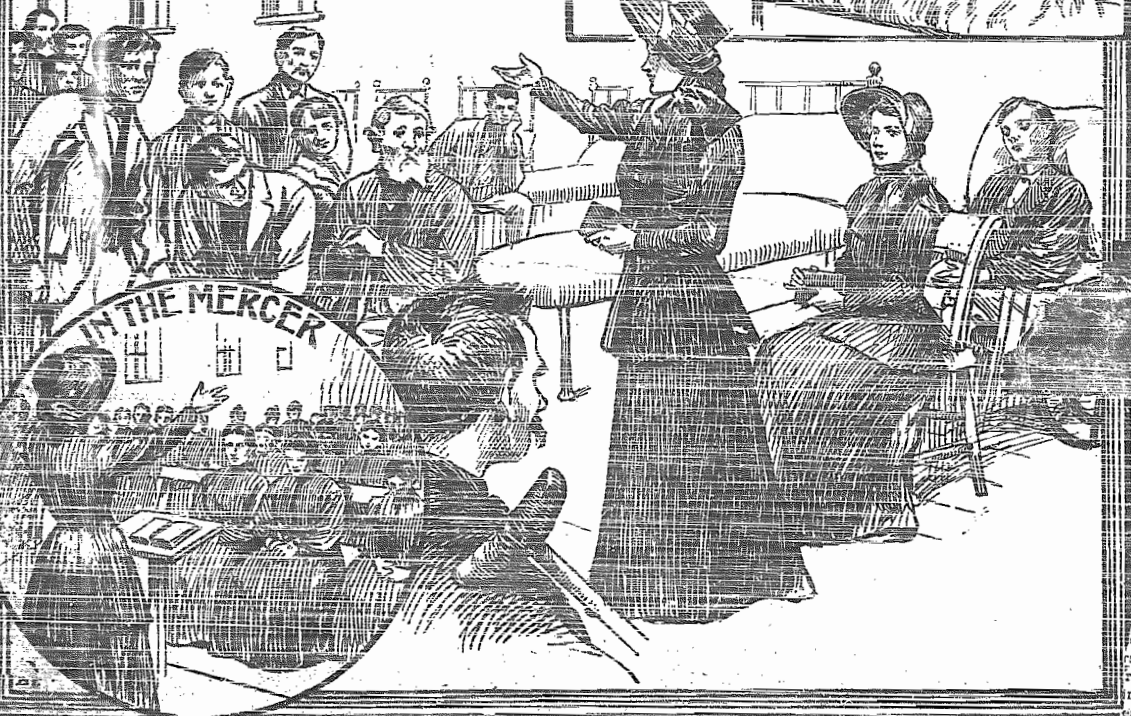
the LEAGUE OF MERCY

IN OPERATION IN THE HOSPITAL



MRS. L. COL. GASKIN

IN THE INCURABLES' HOME



GOD EVERYWHERE.

O Thou, by long experience tried,
Whom no grief can long abide;
My Lord, now full of sweet content,
I pass my years of banishment.

All stones alike engaging prove
To souls impressed with sacred love:
In heaven, in earth, or on the sea,
Where'er they dwell, they dwell in Thee

To me remains no place nor time;
My country is in every clime;
I can be calm and free from care
On any shore, since God is there.

While place we seek, or place we shun,
The soul finds happiness in none:
But with a God to guide our way,
'Tis equal joy to go or stay.

Should I be cast where Thou art not,
That were, indeed, a dreadful lot;
But regions none remote I call:
Regions of healing God is all.

My country, Lord, art Thou alone;
No other can I claim or own;
The point where all my wishes meet,
My law, my love; life's only sweet.

Madame Guyon.

A Fearful Request.

A young man who determined to lead a sinful life, and be free from parental love and control, left his home in England for Australia, taking with him a fortune. His money soon went, and his constitution was undermined by sin and sensuality. He worked his passage back to the Old Land, and walked home to find a stranger in the old homestead. His father and mother were dead. His sin and waywardness had broken their hearts. At length his health gave way, and he lay upon his death-bed. An old saint of God, his Sunday School teacher of past years, sought to point him to Christ, bidding him repent and seek God.

"No," said he, "I must suffer the consequences of sin, and reap what I have sown." Then, turning to the old teacher he said,

"Will You Grant Me a Dying Request?"

"The last I shall ever ask. When I am gone you stand by my open grave as they lower my coffin, and with hand uplifted to heaven cry, 'In hell he lifted up his eyes, being in torment.' I have received the invitations given by God, now I must bear the penalty of sin, for the wages of sin is death."

The sinner should come before it is too late. The last opportunity will come. The last offer of salvation will be given. The last chance of settling the greatest question of all will present itself. Every man and woman must face death, for it is appointed unto man once to die, but after death the judgment.

Men's Thoughts for Men.

Gathered by Jonah.

Do thyself to the things with which thy lot is cast, and the men among whom thou art cast. Love them, but do it truly.

Public be as private as thou art. Do not look for neighbors who does not look for thee. Says or does or thinks; he does himself, that it may be

Look within. Within is the fountain of good, and it will ever bubble up if thou wilt ever dig.

Everything exists for some end—a horse, a vine. Why dost thou wonder? For what purpose, then, art thou? To enjoy pleasure? See if common sense allows this.

Blessed is the man who has the gift of making friends, for it is one of God's best gifts. It involves many things, but above all the power of going out of one's self and seeing and appreciating whatever is noble and loving in another man.

Christ is the great Idealist. "Be ye perfect, as our Father in heaven is perfect" is the ideal He sets before you—the only one which is permanent and all-sufficing.

Let your humor always be good humor in both cases. If it comes of a bad humor it is pretty bad. Not to belie its parentage.

We must be men before we can be Christians.

"Where is My Boy To-Night?"

Father's Pathetic Thanks to the Salvation Army.

One Sunday afternoon a few weeks ago, in one of the prosperous and rising cities of the West, a free-and-easy meeting was being held in the comfortable little barracks. The testimony part of the meeting was in progress and a young man had just given his experience to the wonderful saving and keeping power of God. Bold and clear was the tone of the recruit's remarks, and there was an added note of triumph, as he knew his father was in the meeting, and he wanted his parent to realize what God had done for him.

The young man resumed his seat, and then from the body of the hall there rose a well-built man of middle age. In a voice trembling with emotion he said that the testimony just given by his son had made him the happiest of men. He had lost track of the boy, who had wandered from home, and started in search of him. He traveled over four thousand four hundred miles and did not find him, and then returned home. After a rest he resumed his search and traveled seventeen hundred miles, and then heard of him from Regina, where his dear boy had been converted. He desired to publicly thank the Salvation Army for getting hold of and looking after him. As the pathetic story was being told tears stood in the eyes of many of the worshippers, and a deep impression was made.

The father is an earnest Christian and Sunday School worker, and as the result of his search for his son is almost broken up. What anxiety, what agonizing prayers (not to speak of the heavy expense) had been the lot of the fond parent we can but imagine.

The "wandering boy," never being converted down east at the beginning of the year, had backslidden and joined a circus company as one of the helpers, and one Wednesday evening in June, when an awful thunderstorm was in progress, he came into the Army barracks, sitting at the back of the hall. When the invitation was given no one responded, but he was the only one who held up his hand for prayer. He was dealt with by one of the comrades, and was restored to God ere the meeting closed. He at once quit the circus, and has now a position in the city and is doing well spiritually. Hallelujah!

Oh, wanderer, away from home perhaps your earthly father is searching for you; your dear mother is agonizing for you at the Throne of Grace; above all, the All-Father, whose love is above that of both your fond parents, is longing for you to return home. Will you let this pathetic story be told in vain? It is true, or it would not have been written, and it is related for your benefit and the glory of God. Come home, dear brother. Listen to the piteous cry—

"Oh, where is my boy to-night?"

My heart overflows.

For I love him he knows.

Oh, where is my boy to-night?"

E. Blenkarn, Regina.

Something for Smokers.

Might Get in Their Eyes.

It is related that Mr. Moody was once traveling in company with two men, one of whom was a Sunday School teacher, and the conversation turned upon smoking. Can a man be a Christian and smoke? was the question at issue.

"Well," said Moody, "I would not like to condemn every one who professes to be a Christian to hell for smoking, but I think it is a very dirty way of getting to heaven, and moreover there is danger of the smoke getting in their eyes and thus putting them off the right track."

A Text for Smokers.

A man was once trying to convince another of the harmlessness of smoking.

"Whereabouts in the Bible does it forbid us to smoke," said he; "show me the verse that condemns it and I'll quit."

Not long afterwards his friend came to him triumphantly. "I've found it," said he; "read this."

The passage he pointed to was: "He that is filthy let him be filthy still."

What He Brooded Over.

A poor fellow had come to the Army form and had given up his pipe, which he threw on the floor and crushed to pieces.

After the penitent had received forgiveness to rise to his feet with the determination to live a new life it was observed that he was over something.

"What's the matter, lad?" said the Major; "you're not getting to doubt your already, I hope."

"No, it isn't that," replied the former; "but that pipe cost me twenty-five cents."

A Religion Needed.

The Opinion of Several Chinese Gentlemen.

While traveling from Haikow to Shanghai before reaching the end of our destination, we spoke to the others after the following manner: Our country needs a religion. While religion the people will not be content, nor they be restrained from evil. True, we have great religions handed down from antiquity, Buddhism, Taoism, and Confucianism. But this is a childish superstition that we are growing away from, and it is ceasing to satisfy people. Taoism is too mysterious; it deals with the spirits of the dead and the affairs of the world, and there is no way of proving the truth what the priests claim in these matters, and people are becoming very skeptical on the whole subject of this spirit world.

Confucianism is our old religion, the religion of our scholars. Of course it is good. The teachings of our sages is most excellent. But somehow even religion seems to have served its purposes, and does not exert much influence now. So it comes this, we must be on the lookout for something more suitable for the new order of things that is coming on us.

Mohammedanism is out of the question. Roman Catholicism is too much like Buddhism, and is too much mixed up with political affairs. To us Protestants is the best religion we know of, and it will best supply the needs of our people.

The other gentlemen all assented to this conclusion. I had remained a silent, but intensely interested, listener. Finally he turned to me and said: "Foreign teacher, do you not think that it true? Of course I assented, and I also made a few remarks along the same line, to which they all assented, and then we separated, each one going his own way, and probably all forgetting the conversation except me. But I think it is a typical case of what is repeated over and over in many places throughout the land of China, when the more enlightened minds meet and discuss the needs of their land.—Rev. J. L. Stuart, Sr.

Victory for Jesus.

A missionary at Burdwan, addressing a crowd of Hindus, was reproached by a furious idolater, who struck at him with a huge club, intending to destroy his life. He missed his aim, however, and fortunately, the blow only struck the missionary lightly on the shoulder. When the crowd who had listened to the Gospel, and who had manifested great interest in the message, witnessed the act of cowardly ferocity, they seized the offender, who was endeavoring to escape, and brought him to the missionary. The missionary asked what he must do to him. The crowd at once said: "Beat him, and we will hold him while you inflict the punishment." The missionary answered, "The religion which I profess teaches me to return good for evil, and I must not beat him." Then they said, "Take him to the magistrate," and the missionary answered, "The Master I serve teaches me to love my enemies: I must not do so." Then, turning to the man, he said, "Go to your home ashamed, and when you return to it, recollect that it was the command of that blessed Saviour, hatred to whom prompted you to do me this injury, that has saved you from the merited punishment." The man retired, and the whole crowd, catching up the words of one of them, exclaimed, "Victory to Jesus! Victory to Jesus!"—The Illustrated Missionary News.

The Voyages of a Globe-Trotter And Mohammedan Pilgrim.

Now Saved and Happy in the Salvation Army—His
Last Voyage was to the Penitent Form.

From the early age of eleven Cyrus A. Reed had to earn his own living. Born in Oregon, thirty years ago he was left in the care of a grandmother when only ten, and a year later the old lady died. The boy took a great interest in foreign lands, and so strong did the desire to travel and see the world grow upon him that he got as far as Tacoma, Wash., and there boarded a ship. It was a very long voyage, for the ship sailed around Cape Horn, touched at the Cape of Good Hope, went on to Australia, and crossed the Pacific to San Francisco. Thus he made a complete

Journey Round the World

in about six months. Again embarking on an American sailing ship, he reached Hong Kong, in China, and from there went to Natal in South Africa. From the latter place he went to England, and then had another journey around Cape Horn back to 'Frisco again. This second trip round the world occupied nearly nine months. After a while he sailed in the good ship "Constitution," for Sydney, in Australia, and from there to South Africa again. At Cape Town he left the ship and went into business on shore. Here he stayed for three years, doing fairly well and making many friends.

In some way he got greatly interested in the Mohammedan religion, and in 1900 he left South Africa and went to India, where he studied the Koran for two years. Then he journeyed to Arabia and went to the great

Mohammedan City of Mecca,

where no man is allowed to go. Being able to speak good Arabic, he passed off as an Arab, and thus was enabled to visit the Tomb of the Prophet at Medina. He returned from there in company with about eight hundred pilgrims and went to the town of Jutta in Arabia, from where he set sail for Suez in Egypt.

He visited Alexandria, and from there paid his passage on a steamer bound for England. At Liverpool he worked at his trade of painting for a few months and then wandered off again, this time bound for Halifax, Nova Scotia. He secured employment with a farmer in Truro, and while there he met with the Salvation Army. Regarding his experience, he says as follows:—

"I went into the Salvation Army on July 1st, 1906, a Dark and Hardened Sinner.

I paid strict attention to what was said, and listened to the earnest appeals and prayers of the people. Capt. White came and spoke to me about my soul, and I went away that time in total darkness.

"In the afternoon I came back again, and the Captain dealt with me the second time. I left very deeply convicted of sin. In the evening the Captain pleaded earnestly with me to come to Christ, and as the soldiers were singing, "Nay, but I yield," the light of God shone into my dark soul. I am now the happiest man in Truro. I have a burning love for God and desire to work for the salvation of souls. I will shortly be enrolled in the Army, and am determined by the help of the Lord never to fall back to my old ways again."

The Problem of the Tropics.

THE VIEWS OF AN AFRICAN MONARCH.

The Sultan of Zanzibar, Seyyid Ali bin Hamud, has been visiting England lately, and in a interview with a press representative, concerning the problems of his country, said:—

"The British Government, in its wisdom, has done its best to abolish slavery in Zanzibar, as in other parts of the world. In this respect it has had the co-operation and assistance of my father and myself.

"But it must be self-evident that there are special dangers in abolishing an economic system which has existed from time immemorial without simultaneously making provision for the new system which it is desired to set up. It is here largely that the difficulty has arisen.

"Unfortunately, no steps were taken to meet the new conditions which were bound to arise—I mean,

to educate the people, to fit them for a new social status, and for a more independent life."

Work of Education.

At this point the Secretary of His Highness explained that there is not even the semblance of popular education in Zanzibar. Owing to his solitude in the matter, the Sultan only nine months ago founded a school at his own expense, setting apart a portion of one of his palaces for the purpose. The Sultan continued:

"Yes, where in a country like Zanzibar you have wage labor, you find that people should at least be educated enough so as to willing to work, and to work in a way that will remunerate their employers. We are far from that state of things in Zanzibar.

"Thus in Zanzibar the abolishment of slavery has brought up the labor problem of the tropics—how to make men work when they can live with little labor of any kind."

May the day soon come when these people shall hear of salvation and liberty through the Blood, and then we believe the problem will be solved, for they will have the very highest incentives to urge them onward. The solution of the labor problem of the tropics lies in the conversion of the people—not their education—for we are all cognizant of the fact that there are plenty of educated people in our own land who are afflicted with the same complaint as the Zanzibar folk—they won't work any more than they have to.



A Mohammedan Festival.

"Let me tell you a singular thing in connection with the present labor conditions in the island.

"Nine-tenths of the cloves produced in the world are produced in Zanzibar. To pick these cloves from the trees it has been found necessary to obtain the help of the convicts from the prisons. They are hired out to the owners of the plantations; they work with chains around their necks in gangs of fifteen, each gang having a sergeant to look after it.

"A man can live in Zanzibar for a few rupees a month—for a sum equal to about five shillings of your money—and this includes food, lodging, and everything. Such a small sum any man can earn in a couple of days by casual labor.

"The people as yet have no aspirations. They have not even the incentive which many people in India have—the love of acquiring a few gold ornaments. A few glass or metal beads will content them. This is the crux of the difficulty.

"Unless education accompanies freedom and upward aspirations are created, the people are not better, but worse off for the change in their status.

Salvation changes all this and creates the highest aspirations within men to strive earnestly after what is highest and best. Therefore we say: Seek to save the people first, and then educate them as much as you like.

Bioscopic Notes.

Staff-Capt. McLean is still on the move with the bioscope, and has just returned to Toronto from East Ontario, where he had a very successful tour. He was well received by the officers and soldiers of every corps, and large crowds were the order at nearly every place. A grand week-end was put in at Kingston, also at Montreal II., with souls at each place, and the people were delighted with the moving pictures. They most all extended to the Staff-Captain a hearty invitation for a return visit.

The Staff-Captain is now visiting a few corps in the New Ontario Division before the coming council.

THE NEW LEADERS of the League of Mercy.

The announcement made in last week's War Cry that Mrs. Colonel Kyle has been appointed to the oversight of the League of Mercy operations in the Dominion, and Mrs. Lieut.-Colonel Gaskin to those in the city of Toronto, will be noted with great satisfaction.

The League is perhaps one of the quietest and yet most plodding agencies of the Army's vast humanitarian efforts to bless and save men, women, and children.

In most of the large cities its members diligently go about their work, although seldom brought into prominence before the public. Year in and year out they find their audiences in hospital ward, prison chapel, or reformatory—everywhere, in fact, where the suffering or the guilty are accessible. They offer sympathy; not the sickening sentimental species calculated to injure more than benefit, but genuine, practical and helpful, born of Christ-like love for never-dying souls.

MRS. COLONEL KYLE

is no stranger to the League of Mercy operations. For many years she has labored in this connection in the Commonwealth of Australia, apart from her public work on the platform by the Colonel's side.

The work in Melbourne was comprehensive. The social condition of the Southern Continent, despite the wealth and prosperity of its people, is not perfection by any means. In the city of Melbourne, in addition to the many hospitals, there are institutions for caring for the destitute, incorrigible children, and the aged. Some of the latter class are very large, accommodating as many as seven hundred persons. The hospitals are also elaborate and up-to-date, equal to any hospitals in any part of the world. The Army's hold upon the public may be gauged by the fact that the doors of every public institution and asylum are open to the League of Mercy, and a splendid work is done. Meetings were held every week in each institution by a corps of devoted women, composed of the wives of Staff Officers attached to the Territorial Headquarters, and female soldiers. In addition to the visitation of the institutions, the League of Mercy acted in the lower districts in the capacity of Slim Officers, visiting the poorest houses, caring for the sick, and relieving cases of dire necessity. Some most pathetic stories could be told of the results of these visitations.

Mrs. Colonel Kyle has been an officer of the Salvation Army for thirty years, and loves visitation, in which she has been most successful. The League of Mercy throughout Canada is more extensive than it is in Australia, as it is only established in the latter country in the capital cities. In Canada there are many League of Mercy corps throughout the Territory, and Mrs. Colonel Kyle fully realizes both the opportunity that is presented and the responsibility that will rest upon her to worthily represent those comrades at the Centre. Her visitation to the various corps will no doubt be appreciated by the devoted comrades who labor so faithfully behind the scenes.

MRS. LIEUT.-COLONEL GASKIN.

Some seven or eight years ago Mrs. Gaskin felt herself obliged to retire from active connection with the League of Mercy, so that in resuming her labors in this needy field she is but returning to an old love. Mrs. Gaskin is particularly glad to find the number of willing helpers in the city considerably augmented since those days and the efforts well organized. One of the great drawbacks she recalls was the insufficient number of workers with which to enter the wide open doors of opportunity. Very, very often, at the sacrifice of home and sometimes, faded, of strength, Mrs. Gaskin undertook to supply the gaps herself, and put in long hours of weary tramp, rather than see those neglected to whom she weekly visits were so sweet a God-send.

"You would not believe how eagerly we are looked for on the regular League visiting day at the various institutions," said Mrs. Gaskin. "Often indeed they wait the clock and count the hours which must intervene before we are due, and if by misfortune the Leaguer has been delayed in her rounds there is much disappointment and foreboding, for

fear we should be, after all, prevented for that day."

"It is work I like," continued Mrs. Gaskin emphatically. "My heart goes out to the suffering, and I love to cheer them if I can."

In how great measure she succeeded leaked out inadvertently from another source, in the fact that even to this day some of the incurable patients remember her loving ministrations, and actually ask if Mrs. Gaskin will not come and see them again.

"Yes, I have met with all sorts of people in my League visitation," said Mrs. Gaskin, in answer to our query. "I became acquainted with some very nice Christian people, and again I met others who, had it not been for the affliction of sickness upon them, would probably not have given a thought to their soul's salvation. Some precious cases of conversion also cheered us very much."

"In one ward was a lady who had many friends to come and visit her. Seeing she was thus surrounded we proposed to pass by, and go to those who were more lonely. But she did not wish to miss the Salvationist's talk and prayer. So she invited them all to sit down and enjoy what the Leaguer had to say."

The War Cry is highly appreciated as a valuable assistant in League of Mercy work, and our weekly messenger thus reaches many suffering hearts with its good news of salvation.

To every worker throughout the Territory we would say: Be of good courage, and when weary or tempted to withdraw, recall your motto—"Inasmuch."

How Kate Was Won.

"The children of this world are in their generation wiser than the children of light."—Luke xvi. 8.

Kate was generally regarded as a hardened case, and her present associates knew little and cared less for what she had been in former days. As a matter of fact, she was the subject of cruel deception and heartless falseness. Well-born and carefully brought up in a refined Christian home, she possessed more than many the advantages of a good education, and better still, the ever-green memory of a praying mother. At the age of fourteen years she had been decoyed away from her Canadian home, to be introduced into the giddy whirl of sporting life across the western border. Whether shame or lack of opportunity was the leading factor in sealing her lips and plunging her deeper and deeper into the vortex of ruin, body and soul, we cannot say. Enough that at the time the Salvation Army officer first became cognizant of her dire extremity, Kate was lying dangerously ill, and woefully forsaken and neglected, in unquestionably evil surroundings.

"Oh, dear, no! See a Salvation Army officer? Certainly not," and the emphatic words were accompanied by something other than polite language.

"You needn't bring any of your religion this way; we've got no use for it; and as for Kate, she's uncommon opposed to the very mention of it. Sick as she is, she wouldn't hear it named in her presence."

It was clearly no easy matter to gain access to the sick room, but Army officers know the source of courage, and are, therefore, not dependent on any local supply from the force of circumstances. It was a colored waiter who had first suggested the appeal to us, only to be met by point blank refusal. But he had insisted that somebody must be sought on behalf of the sick girl, and getting a hint of the need, the Army Captain was promptly on the spot.

"Well, if you promise not to mention religion, I'll let you in," was the final compromise. So a Cadet was installed by the bedside of the sick woman to sit up all night with her, and minister the religion of which she was forbidden to speak.

Kate was scarcely more than twenty-one years of age then. She had never communicated with home since that fatal period when she was spirited away. When day broke, and the Cadet retraced her steps to the Rescue Home, the Captain made it her business to pop in and see how the sufferer was. A sacred burden lay upon her. This lonely girl's soul, who would not allow religion to be named in her presence, she was determined to woo and win for Christ, and yet it seemed that she was making no

headway. All efforts to draw her out on eternal things had failed. The heart was closed, and now to touch the springs which would unlock it was not yet apparent.

"Are you fond of children?" she was asked one day, tentatively.

"I can tolerate them," was the brief reply.

"We have a dear little girl at the Home who sings nicely," said the Captain, encouraged, "and I was wondering if you would like to hear her."

Finding she was not forbidden, the Captain ventured to take little Alice next day to the bedside.

"My Name in Mother's Prayer"

was the child's sweet song-message. Nothing was said, but the Captain secretly noted that a chord had been reached at last, which she doubted not the Holy Spirit would vibrate again and again.

The following day she went alone.

"Where is the little girl?" asked the sufferer, almost petulantly.

"I have not brought her to-day, for fear she should weary you," said the Captain, who, nevertheless, was agreeably surprised to find that she had evidently hoped the child would come and sing again. Here was the key which might unlock the chamber of memory and give her a hold upon the girl's heart. Gently and almost unconsciously she touched the tender chord again, and it bobbed up to leave them within closed doors as the wanderer unburdens her heart to the sympathetic messenger of salvation.

It was still needful to use guile and not "force religion" upon her. Immediately after the child's song the Captain had dropped upon her knees, and in few but fervent sentences prayed for the sufferer, leaving directly afterwards with no further comment.

Little Alice's visits became more and more necessary, and played a distinct part in the reclamation of this soul, but that first song marked the earliest dawn of repentance. It was the beginning of the many steps which led to her leaving the sinful life. At first the bare thought of the monotony and drudgery in a house-keeper's life stood in her way—were it not for that she could have married honorably. Music—the piano, guitar, and mandolin—charmed her, and each of these had been a skillful weapon by which she beguiled time and fascinated those who afterwards were easily enticed and muddled by drink—and then robbed.

"Didn't your conscience condemn you terribly whilst doing such wickedness?" asked the officer in after days.

"We didn't stop to think; but even if it did, what could they expect who came to such a house, knowing its character?"

Subsequently even Kate declared how grateful she was to have "found her match at last" in the little Army Captain, whose wisdom and persistence won its way, rescued this soul from the pit, and at least lessened the number of snares thrown for the unwary feet of many another mother's son.

Brigadier and Mrs. Hargrave Conduct the Harvest Festival at Peterboro.

(By Wire.)

Brigadier and Mrs. Hargrave enthusiastically welcomed to Peterboro, also conducted the Harvest Festival week-end. Crowds were excellent both outside and in; barracks packed at night.

Addresses were of an inspiring character, and Mrs. Hargrave's singing caught on immensely.

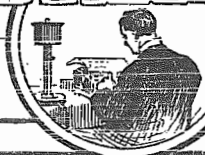
At 6 p.m. the Brigadier met the Corps-Officers, while Mrs. Hargrave had a prayer meeting with the band, which was enjoyed by all present. Band and soldiers worked well. Results for the day were five for holiness, ten for pardon, and over \$40 in the offerings. Everybody delighted with initial visit of our new Provincial Officers.—McAmmond.

THANK YOU.

The Matron of the Salvation Army Rescue Home, London, Ont., desires to thank Mr. D. W. Black, wall for his gift of two little chairs; and the Salvation Army League of Mercy for their gift of six little chairs and two rockers, towards furnishing the children's day nursery.

THE ARMY'S WORLD-WIDE FIELD

By Cable or Steam Packet



Among the Gauchos.

What the Army is Doing in the Argentine.

In face of considerable odds a good work is being accomplished by the Army in the Cordoba district of the Argentine Republic.

An interesting account of the progress being made is supplied to the War Cry by Capt E. Lindvall.

The Captain, who is a native of Sweden, writes: "You will probably know that Cordoba is the corps most recently opened in this part of the world. Another comrade and myself arrived here four months ago with a little fear, but also with a firm determination, to conquer or to die.

"Cordoba is a very dark place and very difficult for Army work. One of our chief difficulties at the beginning was to find a Hall, and for two months

they all go fishing. A staunch brigade is also actively engaged on Saturday nights in En Avant selling." The prospects for the coming winter seem bright, despite much religious apathy.

Australia.

The Chief Secretary has had a very encouraging tour in Western Australia, occupying a period of over six weeks. On the gold fields crowds of people were prepared to stand outside to almost any hour to hear salvation preached.

During this visit the Prison Gate Home at North Fremantle was opened. The opening ceremony was graced by the Premier, Ex-Premier, Minister of Works, and others. The institution has already done the S. A. an incalculable amount of good in the eyes of the public.

Ceylon.

Owing to the famine at Jaffna it has been decided to open a bank for the purpose of advancing money to the natives, so that they may buy seed, repayment to be made at the next harvest.

United special open-air meetings have been conducted in Colombo three times a week, with gratifying results. Reporting upon these Brigadier Samara Veera says, "We shall reap a harvest of souls in our haza and elsewhere as the result of these meetings. A few fighting souls are

coming on beautifully. Some of these are Singhalese young men of considerable intelligence and education.

India.

Colonel Nurani has opened fourteen new villages in connection with the Commissioning of Cadets, and she has many applications for officers still waiting.

At Ahmedabad recently nine officers were married, most of whom had been boys in the S. A. Day School, from whence they were drafted to the Training Home.

As a result of the Government inspection of our Boys' Industrial School at Muktipur, the Government has granted an annual award of 250 Rupees. The girls at the school in Ahmedabad did even better, so that the Inspector suggested that two of the smartest girls should be drafted to the Government Women's Training College.

An orphan lad arrived at Ahmedabad very poorly clad, and informed the officers that he was desirous of being an officer in the S. A. He tramped from

his village to Nadiad Railway Station, and there disposed of his shoes in order to get a few annas for his railway fare. He appears to be a very intelligent lad, but as he is only fifteen years of age he will be sent to the Muktipur school for a few years.

The open-air work in Ahmedabad continues to give encouragement. Large and attentive crowds of all classes and conditions are attracted, and on a recent Sunday afternoon two natives volunteered out publicly, creating quite a sensation and a great deal of interest to the by-standers.

Switzerland.

At Les Rasses, a very fashionable resort on the mountains in the Canton of Vaud, the Chief Secretary conducted a couple of salvation meetings, and had a most interesting audience. The Swiss element was very well represented. It was difficult for the Colonel to get away, as there were so many enquiries from ladies and gentlemen, who were anxious to get further news about the S. A. and its work. A great sensation was caused by two souls coming forward.

At Herisau recently a woman came to the penitent form who had resolved to strike her husband dead with an axe, and then to destroy herself. Salvation has entirely changed her plans.

At Hetstal, an outpost of Glarus, an unconverted lady invited an Army officer to hold a meeting in her drawing-room. A goodly number of people attended the meeting, and to their great astonishment the lady gave herself to God. Since then she has become a warm friend of the Army, and a great supporter of the local corps.

Reinforcements for Java.

Further developments which promise to provide even greater advantages in this interesting field of the Army's operations are about to take place.

A party of fifteen officers from Holland, Germany, and Sweden are going out with Lieut-Colonel Van Rossum to Java, where they will greatly strengthen the hands of our comrades in that far-off land. The party includes Adjts. and Mrs. Alarm, Adjts. Salet and Van der Zee, Lieuts. Van Dijk and Bierhuys (from Holland); Ensign and Mrs. Gahnberg, Ensigns Bostrom, and Capt. Bergstrom (from Sweden).

The farewell took place at Amsterdam, conducted by Commissioner Estlin and Lieut-Colonel Mapp.



A Mountaineer Brigade in Switzerland.

we were not able to hold any inside meetings. Now we have a nice little hall and meetings every night; and many of those who attend are students from the University.

"We have also secured permission from the Chief of Police to hold open-air meetings every Sunday, and lots of people listen to our message.

"During the past two months an English family, Brother and Sister Wortley and their youngest son Herbert, who came out here from Burton-on-Trent, have been converted. They are taking a brave stand in the fight for the salvation of Cordoba.

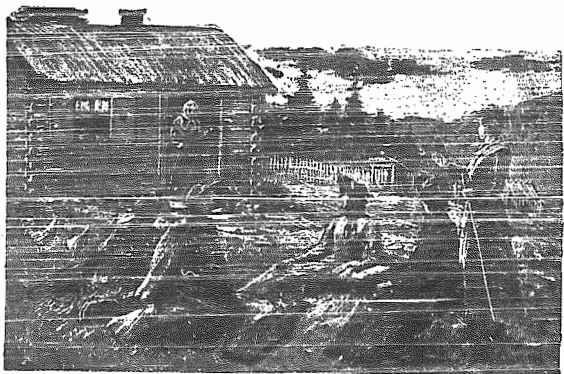
"Brother Wortley, who is an engine-driver, is working boldly to get his workmates converted, and is an earnest worker of El Cruzado (the War Cry of the Argentine, published in Spanish). His wife is doing her utmost to acquire the Spanish language, so as to be able to talk to the people.

"We have found several good friends who are helping us a great deal with the finances. One thing we regret very much not having, and that is an Army flag. Perhaps some one of the War Cry readers would find pleasure in sending one.

"Both Capt. Rivoira and myself are full of faith for the work, and feel sure that we shall see great things done in Cordoba. Remember South America in your prayers."

France.

News from Paris is distinctly encouraging. Soldiers' meetings at the Boulevards Hall have already doubled their attendances of late, and signs of revival are everywhere apparent. A recent dispatch says, "It is a joy to see how converts take part in the Agit. As soon as the prayer meetings begin



At the Summit of the Mountain.

Young People's Page

How Animals Swim.

Most people think that all animals swim better than man, but a traveler asserts that this is not true. Camels, llamas, monkeys, and giraffes never venture into the water if they can help it. Camels have been taught to swim when partly supported, and apes have been known to scramble across narrow streams when hard pressed, but llamas and giraffes always drown when forced into the water.

Nearly all other animals swim well on their first trial. Strange to say, certain members of the seal family which, when full grown, take their places among the best swimmers in creation, are at the beginning the most helpless.

The rodents are, perhaps, the most interesting swimmers. All the good swimmers among the rat family are also expert divers, and are able to rise or depress the body in the water at will.

The paws of hares and rabbits in swimming are like an all-balanced ship, down by the head. Like the squirrels, these two animals show great timidity in the water.

Roses, though good swimmers, move so slowly in the water that a dog can outstrip them. The hippopotamus is, of course, at home in the water, but it is not so generally known that the elephant, too, is a splendid swimmer, and will often remain in the water thirty-six hours at a stretch, swimming all the time. As a general rule, they swim very deep in the water, only the top of the head and the back being visible, but occasionally—perhaps for their own satisfaction, or at the instigation of the mahout—they will swim high, even when they have a burden on their backs.

Of pigs it is commonly reported that so queerly fastidious are they that if they attempt to swim they cut their throats with their forefeet. Whether wild or tame, they are all good swimmers, though, owing to the shortness of their legs, they dig their throats with their forefeet and beat the water very high. Many of the islands of the southern seas are now inhabited by wild pigs, which are the descendants of those which have swum ashore, sometimes great distances, from wrecked vessels.

The lion fairly detests water. He will travel any number of miles to avoid putting his paws into it. In captivity a hindquarter of water thrown at him will make him jump back as if in great fear. When in the jungles, and he is forced to swim a stream, he does so exactly like a dog and very swiftly.

How National Miles Differ.

It is rather a surprise to learn that we can walk five miles while the Swiss pedestrian is covering one, yet upon closer examination there doesn't seem to be so much reason for self-congratulation as at first appears. Indeed a ten-mile constitutional, according to the Swiss standard, might daunt the most enthusiastic walker.

The following table gives the mile of the various countries:

	Yards.
English and American mile	1750
Scotch mile	1926
Irish mile	2230
German mile	8106
Dutch and Persian mile	6480
Italian mile	1766
Vienna post mile	8295
Swiss mile	9153
Swedish and Danish mile	7241.5
Arabian mile	5145
Flemish mile	6369

The nautical or geographical mile is another measure of distance. It is 2025 yards.

SOAP COINAGE.

A recent traveler's account of the "small change" he often received in Mexico makes us think that the coinage in that country is perhaps the strangest of all the strange currencies known to exist.

"In one of the small towns," he says, "I bought some linen, and gave the girl a dollar in payment. By way of change she returned me forty-nine pieces of soap, the size of a water-cracker. I looked at her in astonishment, and she looked at me with equal surprise, when a police officer who witnessed the incident hastened to inform me that for small sums soap was the legal tender in many portions of the country."

I examined my change, and found that each cake was stamped with a name of a town and of a manu-

facturer authorized by the Government. The cakes of soap were worth one and a half cents each. Afterwards in my travel I frequently received similar coinage.

"Many of the cakes showed signs of having been in the wash-tub, but that, I discovered, was not at all uncommon. Provided the stamp was not obliterated, the soap did not lose any value as currency. Occasionally a man would borrow a cake off a friend to wash his hands, and return it with thanks. I made use of my pieces more than once in my bath, and subsequently spent them."

THE FIRST WATCH.

Exactly four hundred years ago, in the year 1505, there was a young apprentice to a locksmith in Nuremberg. His name was Peter Henlein. He had neither money, friends, nor influence, and seemed doomed to remain a simple, poor locksmith's helper all his life.

There were more than a hundred locksmith apprentices in Nuremberg at that time and most of them said hopelessly that the field was overcrowded. Nobody remembers the names of any of these apprentices to-day except that of Henlein. He didn't waste any time grumbling and worrying about the "over-crowded field," but sat down in his spare time tinkering at a curious machine.

When it was finished it was shaped like a drum, and was just small enough to go into the big pockets of the coats of that date. What was it? It was the first watch. There is a general belief that these first watches were the shape of an egg. That is not so. They were shaped like a drum, and were really pretty clumsy, far more suitable for the capacious costume of a rider than for the more tightly-fitting dress of a courtier or a dandy. But they kept good time, and ran forty hours without needing winding.

The watchmakers of Nuremberg have just erected a fine statue in honor of Peter, the apprentice of the Middle Ages, who found something new to do in an over-crowded profession, and there a big watch exhibition has been held in his honor.

HOW THE UNIFORM HELPS.

I feel like penning some words of the goodness of God to me, hoping that they may be of some help to some dear reader. I am real glad that I am converted, and that I am led to be a Salvationist. What can I say to express my gratitude to God for the opportunities He has so graciously given me to work for Him? Words are totally inadequate. He knows the hearts as well as these frames of dust, and so I can leave all this unsaid.

The uniform, I love it. It has so wonderfully helped me in my experience, in opportunities through it to witness and advise for God and eternity. It is a grave mistake, comrades, to not wear

uniform. It helps us to the front, it keeps us before the people's eyes. If we are right we will wear it, and it will help to keep us bright. People have confidence in a bright and uniformed Salvationist. I shall not soon forget the thrill of joy which has come to my heart often when beckoned by strangers for information, or something which proved to me that while they didn't know me they had confidence in a Salvationist's life and testimony. We should at all times wear the uniform. It is a living, speaking thing when we are silent, reminding people of things not worldly.—Pioneer, New Westminster, B.C.

KEEP SMILING EVERY DAY.

Tune.—Ten Thousand Miles Away.

There's many who start quarrelling,

In fact, they're very bad,

They cannot keep their temper down

Whenever they get mad.

They cannot break the habit now,

"Too hard," they often say,

But I don't see why they shouldn't all see

This splendid little way—

Keep smiling every day!

Don't let it fade away,

Don't wear a frown, keep temper down,

Harsh words you must not say.

When cruelly wronged, be glad,

For you'll be rewarded by the Lord,

Keep smiling every day!

When somebody says something wrong,

Or laughs and jeers at you,

Don't wildly rave as if you crave

To split his head in two;

But gently to that person march,

And grasp him by the hand;

You'll do him more good than ever you would

By injuring him, and—

Now, if you wish to take a stroll

Some bright and sunny day,

When suddenly the rain pours down,

Don't take the sulks, be gay.

Just walk, and say this to yourself,

"I'm glad it rained to-day,

The Lord sent it down, so I should not frown."

Keep smiling every day.

Keep smiling when you're hard at work,

Keep smiling all day long,

Smile in your sleep, smile in your dreams,

Smile while you sing a song.

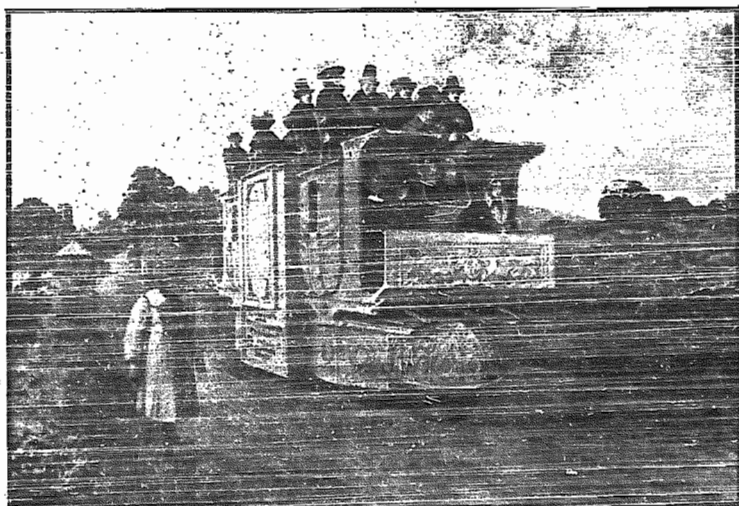
When sorrow comes upon your brow,

Just smile it all away,

And whenever you are out on the sea or land,

Keep smiling every day.

—Composed by Ernest D. Jenita, age 16, at the Sherbrooke Reform School.



THE EVOLUTION OF THE AUTOMOBILE. The Steam Coach of Seventy-Four Years Ago.

William Church ran a steam coach between London and Birmingham in 1832. It was something between a circus car and a double stagecoach, having accommodation both inside and out, so that it could carry fifty persons.

The chauffeur wore the many-tipped dress of an old stage-coachman. In 1831 a select committee of the House of Commons reported on the automobile movement. They considered its practicability fully established, but saw a formidable obstacle in popular prejudice. This led to the imposition of excessive tolls, effectually checking the adoption of the new mode of transport. The railways secured a law providing that a man with a red flag by day and a red lantern by night should keep a hundred yards in advance of every automobile.

LOOSE HIM!

An Urgent Plea for Loosening the Bands of Fear, Pride and Custom Throughout Canadian Ranks.

By Commissioner Railton.

Eagerly looking forward to hearing on another steamer's deck the blessed words, "Let go there," that have so often gladdened my soul, I am perhaps exceptionally well able to appreciate the power of Jesus Christ and His Army to let men and women, raised to a new life, go free in the use of it.

The vast Territories whence so many thousands from Europe and the United States are eager to settle down, the great railroads that carry them, and the swirling torrents those roads cross have all helped to work up in my soul a more intense desire than I ever felt before to see men and women aroused to follow Christ with electric speed and avalanche power everywhere.

And the more I reflect upon the religions of the great countries I am going to, and contrast them with the sort of Christianity prevailing now-a-days, the more it seems clear to me that such "heathenism" as I have yet seen amongst the Japanese is nearer to His Kingdom than the latter.

How terrible is the absence of any idea of loosened spiritual life amongst most of those who sing about "following Jesus." Where do they ever mean to go from or to? Oh, yes! they mean to go out of the most luxurious death-bed they can make for themselves to a heaven that is to be "a land of rest" for ever and ever! But as to following Christ anywhere here below, they are always too much "caged" or bound for any of it.

Amongst the Japanese and Chinese I never expect to find

A Home Where No Praying is Ever Done, nor a child who has never learnt to pray, unless he be where "Christian" influence has destroyed the old national life. Those nations are all "bound" by their very ancient "superstitions" to think some times of resistance to evil, and the higher, better life.

The whole system of most "Christian" worship now-a-days tends to prevent any worshipper from thinking of worshipping or serving God freely. He is to be content to join with others in what is thought to be the correct sort of worship for an hour or two in a week. For the rest of his life he is to be bound to conform to the godless habits of those around him.

What a calamity if any Salvationist should get into any such style of living! With a beautiful "home of his own," away out in "a healthy location," too far for women folk, at any rate, to get to open-air meetings much, or even indoors; with too much business care or too good prospects to hold him up in every direction, and a population around him too well off and too respectable to think they need any Saviour, how easily a Salvationist may get bound down until a bailleulah can never get up even to his throat, let alone come out.

And what is the use of a bound Salvationist on a street corner—a bank corner, as it is in Canada—or inside a meeting?

People propped against bank walls, and with minds full of the property they are going to have some day, can never be stirred by bound-up speakers.

Wanted!—Loosed Men and Women!

How often, in the grand first days of the Army in many a spot have we heard the cry from some scolding brawler, "Hold him," as some red-hot man was pouring out the fulness of his soul upon the crowd. Depend upon it, the world, however politely they may desire to treat us now, know the difference between those who are and are not let loose by God's power.

The loosed Salvationist has not merely got a fiery liberty in meetings, but in all his daily life. I have often queried, whilst hearing the chorus so often here—

"Purge it with fire, if that must be,"

whether anything less than the loss of all their earthly possessions would enable some people to give themselves as fully as ever to God. And yet surely it should be just the other way. How often do men excuse some lack of service by saying that they are hindered by those who are over them in

authority, or by the risk of a loss of employment. Surely Canada, of all countries, should let the world see what the Salvationist can be and do when he owns his own house and is "his own master." Shall it be so?

Suppose there were to arise this winter a number of bands of red-hot Salvationists, ready to give up all the time they could to special efforts for the salvation of others, and suppose such an example created a current of such devotion throughout the whole land, is it not certain, from all our experience, that God would specially respond to such a demonstration of desire to follow Him fully? How many who have grumbled and scoffed at Doukhobor excesses would need to show their superior understanding of God's will by some

Acts of Service

far beyond anything they have done in recent years. How many, even in the few meetings I have fished in during the last month, have admitted that they once did love and follow Christ more earnestly than they now do.

Oh, for a great loosening this winter from all the bands that sin, selfishness, pride, or custom have created! Will you go in for it yourself, or will you be content to drift along in the blissful consciousness of being no more asleep to your great opportunity than others, whose thoughts never rise beyond the doing this week of what was done last, or of what "all the others do"? How easy to rattle off "Launch out into the deep," without a serious thought of leaving your usual seat for two minutes, or even of approving of any other officer or soldier who does so.

At the least I would beg of you not to try to bind or hinder or discourage anybody looser than yourself. I have the horrible certainty that there are to-day Salvationists who hesitate to follow the promptings of God's Spirit because of the fear as to what others of their own comrades may think or say if they do what twenty years ago was perfectly common. Even in Salvation war there can be fashion, and fashion is almost always certain to be opposed to the liberty and fervor of God's true children. Oh, that Canada may this winter give to the whole Army such a pattern of desperate fighting for souls as may be counted "fanatical," "rude," "vulgar," even "outrageous" by the world, but worthy to be followed by all who sing about going "all the way to Calvary."

THE PRAYING LEAGUE.

Weekly Prayer Topic: Pray for the League of Mercy workers and their efforts to bless and cheer those in the numerous institutions they visit in the Dominion.

Sunday, Oct. 7.—Gospel Evolution.—Rom. III. 27, 28; IV. 16-21; v. 1-11.

Monday, Oct. 8.—The Reign of Grace.—Rom. v. 20, 21; vi. 1-23.

Tuesday, Oct. 9.—Opposing Forces.—Rom. vii. 1-25.

Wednesday, Oct. 10.—Full Salvation.—Rom. viii. 1-25.

Thursday, Oct. 11.—Sin Separates.—Rom. xii. 24-39.

Friday, Oct. 12.—Full Surrender.—Rom. xii. 1-21.

Saturday, Oct. 13.—No Debts but Love.—Rom. xiii. 7-23.

"I was sick and ye visited Me, in prison and ye came unto Me."

The League of Mercy is a band of Salvationists who regularly visit Prisons, Police Courts, Hospitals, Poor Houses, Incurables' Homes, Houses of Sin, Music Halls, and the Homes of Discharged Prisoners.

They distribute good literature, pray, read, sing—where opportunity affords—write letters, in fact, render every possible service to ameliorate the physical, temporal, or spiritual needs of all whom they have any opportunity of serving.

The Hope-Bearers.

Were it possible to take a census of the world's most hopeless hearts, it is probable that the largest number would be found behind the large windows

of the hospital and the small crevices of the jail. Depression is often parent to despair, and it would be hard to find more depressing surroundings or gloomy influences than cling around these institutions common to every civilized community.

The hospital cot may be furnished with the most elastic mattress and covered with the whitest spread, the ward may be large and airy, the nurse's face pleasant and hand gentle, but after all, there is no hiding the fact that this is the palace of pain. What tales those walls could tell of suffering! The very doorways remind either of the convalescent or the dead who have passed out. These thoughts attacking the mind of the inmate must have an effect the reverse of cheerful. But how much sadder the impression produced on the mind by the interior of a prison. The cell may be of the largest and most habitable, consistent with an shade of legal correction, the corridor and iron gates of the most up-to-date pattern, the police officials humane, yet the great pile of buildings which these represent is still a prison. Every clash of the heavy doors reminds of the long or short sentenced crime for which they have been incarcerated, of the shattered hopes and broken hearts which the sins of those brought here had caused. These gloomy memories and foreboding surroundings are not without some influence even upon the hardest convict, and where their result is not penitence it is not infrequently despair.

The declaration of an institution's disadvantage reveals its greatest need, and when we say that the Army sends its messengers as hope-bringers to the prisons, hospitals, and kindred places of the land, we speak of one of their highest missions. For whether their blessed toil be spent in the world's great infirmaries for physical or moral disease, the members of the League of Mercy have many times earned the right to the title, "hope-bearers."—A. L. P.

Practical Example.

"Naked and ye clothed Me."

The League of Mercy workers come in contact with cases of the most deplorable destitution in their work. Perhaps none more pitiable or commanding their need to the sympathy and help of the public heart than those whose poverty is occasioned by sickness. Their ministrations often have a more practical outcome even than prayer, reading, or distributing literature.

Hence how important it is for the friends of the poor, the suffering and sinful to understand the character of this noble, self-denying work, and the means and ways in which they can respond to its claims and facilitate the efforts of its workers.

Some time ago one of the members, in going from cot to cot talking with and praying for each sufferer, came across a most distressing case. A poor woman whose serious illness had been brought on through her very praiseworthy attempts to be cleanly in her home and person. She had only one change of clothing—nothing to replace it when submitting it to soap and water. She had washed her undergarments and rolling a blanket about her had hung them in the little yard to dry. She caught cold through this and a tedious illness followed. She had not an article of clothing in which to wrap the little baby at her side, should she be discharged from the hospital, convalescent. The League of Mercy sister procured some little garments for the baby, also warmer things for the mother and afterwards called upon her in her own home.

The second page of the unfortunate woman's story is quite as touching as the former one. Her husband fell ill. He had been unable to get employment for a long time, and they had nothing in their home. He was forthwith ordered by the physician into the hospital. Shortly after the poor mother herself, likely for lack of proper nourishment in her weak state, had a relapse, and was compelled to follow her husband into the hospital at the city's expense.

A long siege of weakness and pain followed. What to do with the baby? That was the puzzling question—a problem hard of solving. The neighbors, though willing, were too poor to keep it. There was nothing for the helpless little one but that the League of Mercy sister should take it herself—even if it did for a time, in caring for it, deprive her of her beloved visiting. Surely the Master will remember and say "Inasmuch."



PRINTED FOR Thomas B. Coombs, Commissioner of the Salvation Army in Canada, by the Salvation Army Printing House, 10 Adair Street, Toronto.

All manuscripts to be written in ink or by typewriter, and on ONE side of the paper only. Write name and address plainly. All communications referring to the contents of THE WAR CRY, contributions or publications in 12 pages, inquiries about it, or matters relating to subscription, search and change of address, should be addressed to THE EDITOR, S. A. Temple, Toronto. All Clerical, Post Office and Express Orders should be made payable to Thomas B. Coombs.

GAZETTE

Appointment—

ENSIGN SHEARD to Lippincott (pro tem).

Marriage—

Capt. Morley Battick, who came out of Calgary, 12.9.02, late of Immigration Department, to Capt. Minnie Wadge, out of Toronto II., 21.1.04, last stationed at Collingwood, Ont., on Sept. 3rd, 1906, at Midland, by Brigadier Howell.

THOS. B. COOMBS,
Commissioner.

EDITORIALS

The Coming Councils. The air is full of expectation. At Headquarters all

that can be done is being planned, to make this year's Fall Anniversary a period of never-to-be-forgotten blessedness, when officers and soldiers will be presented with unparalleled chances of spiritual equipment for the fall and winter campaigns. New features will not be lacking. The launching of the month's Special Holiness Battles, by the Commissioner, will be in itself an inspiration to old warriors, and an object-lesson to young ones. Then the open-air bombardment of the city on Saturday night will doubtless prove an eye-opener as to how the masses who congregate the average streets of city and town can be made to pause and think about salvation. The reception of the new Editor, wife and family, will also lend relief to the series of meetings. Everybody will want to see and hear him, for his own sake as a notable warrior of good repute, and perhaps a trifle from personal motives—for Editors are said to be excellent harbors to long-winded orations.

One thing will be especially hailed with delight, that this year's Anniversary Councils offer exceptionally wide opportunities to soldiers, friends, and the general public. The Commissioner's heart is brimful of desire that no one shall go unblest, and almost every day an open meeting is scheduled, which constitutes a record week of promised blessing.

The Jewish Calendar.

Thursday, September 20th, was the day celebrated by orthodox Jews as ushering in the year 5667, according to the Hebrew chronology. The celebration consists both of solemn introspection and national awakening to better things. A contemporary describes it thus:—

"The chief feature of the services in every Jewish synagogue at the New Year is the sounding of the shofar, the impressive note of which coincides with the solemnity of the day. The shofar is the emblem of the voice of God, sounding the alarm for the wayward heart; the bugle call to the conscience, and warning the slumbering soul of its peril. The Jewish New Year is recognized as the period to which the congregation are to devote themselves to repentance and a review of their conduct in the past. However lax the Hebrew may have been in the year gone by, he is at this time to seek the sanctuary and his God, to make peace with his Maker, and improve himself morally and spiritually in every way."

Pray for the Peace of Jerusalem.

Clustering around God's ancient people there must, and should be, a deep-seated concern and tender love in Christian hearts.

The great Jewish Apostle to the Gentiles put it plainly when he reminded the Roman church, "Thou wilt say then, 'The branches were broken off that I might be grafted in.'" As far as they are concerned, his faith foresaw a better day when he

added, "God is able to graft them in again." To this end we should pray continually. Those who study the times cannot fail to mourn over the long-drawn-out chapter of woes, which grows deeper and deeper. Blood red by reason of the racial hatred and prejudice existing in many countries, yet in none more pronounced than in Russia. That the close of the old year should come with the fall of so great national sorrow resting upon them is indeed pathetic. The vial of judgment is surely reaching to bitter dregs. The question will arise, Can we do enough to alleviate or cheer so distressed a people? "By way of the Throne" we can reach them! Let our supplications be earnest and redoubled, that light may break in, and Christ be enthroned as their rightful, though long-neglected, Messiah.

The New Canadian Editor.

Appointment of Brigadier Bond—Arrival in Canada for the Toronto Councils.

It is with pleasure we announce that the General has appointed Brigadier Bond, the late Editor of the Social Gazette in Britain, to be the Editor of the Canadian periodicals. Since the departure of Lieut.-Colonel Friedrich the position has been filled pro tem by Staff-Capt. Mrs. Simco, who has cheerfully labored, doing double duty meanwhile.

Brigadier Bond left England nearly twenty years ago, as a field officer, for service in South Africa. In that country he developed his journalistic ability, and subsequently became the Editor of the South African War Cry. From Africa he was transferred to London, where for some years he has edited the Social Gazette. This paper has developed an originality under his control, an evidence of the versatility, originality, and industry of its late Editor.

We give Brigadier and Mrs. Bond a hearty Canadian welcome to the Editorial chair, and predict for them a useful career. The present progressive condition of the Dominion necessitates the appointment of progressive people, if advantage is to be taken of the manifold opportunities in all branches of the Salvation war. In welcoming these new comrades, we are glad to acknowledge the good work done by their predecessors and the worthy labors of Staff-Capt. Mrs. Simco, the pro tem Editor, during the past few months.

The Chief Secretary at Petrolia.

The Chief Secretary, accompanied by Adjutant Arnold spent Sunday last at Petrolia. It was the close of the Fair, and there were many disadvantages. The soldiers fought well, some of the women-warriors especially giving evidence of their soldierly qualities. The Colonel and Adjutant fought well outside—at every open-air—and inside at every engagement, and received many invitations to visit them again soon.—The Lord came near and blessing resulted.

Press Wire from Stratford, Ont.

Harvest festival, tremendous success. Largest crowd Stratford has had for years. Week-end meetings led by Brigadier Southall; his addresses listened to with interest. Whole audience rise in middle of both services to sing the doxology, thanking God for bountiful harvest. Crowd held spell-bound on Sunday night as the Brigadier spoke upon "The great harvest." Prayer meeting fought out. Eight surrendered for the day—two for sanctification and six for salvation, man and wife amongst the number. Monday night "Farmers' Band" attracted crowds on the street, who followed to the barracks. Musical program and sale of goods splendid success. Stratford is rising.—Adj. Fred Bloss.

Commander Eva Booth, whose severe illness has been so much deplored, not only in the States, but throughout the Army world, is slowly regaining strength, and there are now good hopes of her complete recovery, with the necessary care and attention.

Chief Secretary's Notes.

The Commissioner returned on Tuesday, Sept. 25th, from his visit to the West. He called at Winnipeg, Calgary, Vancouver, and Edmonton, accompanied by Colonel Lamb. The discussions that have taken place beforehand and en route concerning emigration matters will bear good fruit, and some departures may be anticipated.

Colonel Lamb has had a great opportunity to inspect the Northwest and West, and will, no doubt, gain his impressions of the vast opportunity that is presented for the incoming thousands from Europe. It will be invaluable for him to have seen the country, and he will, no doubt, benefit greatly upon his return to the International Emigration Department.

The Commissioner was only a few hours in Vancouver, but he had time to do some important business. Information is to hand that he was able to secure a new Rescue Home, and also to decide a vexed question of a site for a new citadel in that city. This will be a matter of considerable satisfaction to Brigadier Smeeton and the Comrades in Vancouver. Vancouver is a rapidly growing community, and the need of the Army having a permanent home in its centre cannot be exaggerated.

Staff-Capt. Miller, the Secretary for the Building Department, has received instructions to prepare new building plans for the Brandon building. The railroad has purchased our allotment in the town, but we have succeeded in securing another site, and well suited for the Army's needs. Particulars later.

In another column the announcement is made of the appointment of Brigadier Bond as the Editor of the Army's Publications in Canada. We welcome the Brigadier to the Land of the Maple Leaf, and prophesy for him a very useful career at the head of our publications. The Brigadier has given evidence of considerable literary talent in the Army's War Cry in South Africa, and again in the Social Gazette in Britain. He is well known in Army circles. We are sure that the Canadians will give him a rousing welcome.

Staff-Capt. Mrs. Simco has done good service on the publications during the interval while the office has been without an official head. The work has been a great strain, but the extra burden has been borne uncomplainingly. Mrs. Simco is a Salvationist of the true type, and is prepared to uphold our principles by both precept and practice. Her writings in the past have been much appreciated. She will be glad to welcome the new Editor under the circumstances.

Brigadier Hargrave was at Headquarters this week, and reports excellent meetings on his reception tour at Montreal, Ottawa, Kingston, and Peterboro, and he is in good spirits. Some of the problems of his new Province are already facing him, and he is tackling them with earnestness and a determination to conquer every difficulty.

An official letter has been sent to all the F. O's in the new Western Province intimating the inauguration of this Province on Oct. 1st. In the absence of the notification of the appointment of the D. O's at Hamilton and London, the F. O's are instructed to send their correspondence, cash, etc., to Colonel Sharp, at the Provincial Headquarters, London. The officers in the New Ontario Division will, of course, continue to send all their correspondence to Major Rawling, at Orillia. The Major will continue to command the New Ontario Division, which will, I am sure, be a matter of considerable satisfaction to all the officers concerned. Colonel Sharp and Major Rawling have already met and discussed matters relative to the future.

Lieut.-Colonel Pugmire, the Secretary for Prison Work, has visited Albany as a delegate to the Prison Congress. He was the recipient of much consideration from the authorities, and was appointed on the Discharged Prisoners' Committee. The Colonel's name was placed upon the syllabus the last day of the Congress, and the Colonel in his address acquitted himself well. Brigadier Davis of New York, was also present at the Congress.

THE GENERAL.

Since his return to London from the recent motor campaign, the General has been actively engaged at the International Headquarters.

On Monday, September 24th, he conducted a great memorial service for our officers in heaven, at the Royal Albert Hall, in which he was assisted by the Chief of the Staff and Mrs. Booth, and the Commissioners of the International Headquarters.

The after effects of his recent herculean efforts throughout the motor campaign are proving how great and blessed was the stimulus it afforded to the Salvation War far and wide. Officers, soldiers, and friends through whose vicinity the General passed, have been stirred up to attempt greater things for God, and in many places sinners who were roused through the General's burning words have been inspired up and have surrendered. The converts, particularly of his week-end engagements, are turning up well, and being linked on to further soul-saving efforts on every side. Indeed in some places not only have they been a net gain to the existing corps of Salvationists, but a means of opening up fresh avenues of aggressive warfare for God.

Further details of the Wonderful Service at Dartmoor.

The more one hears about the matchless opportunity our beloved leader was offered in the service conducted in the penal settlement, the more does its wide usefulness grow upon one, and call forth correspondingly high praises to God.

The Social Gazette tells us that "no audience addressed by the General on his recent Motor Car Tour so profoundly stirred our leader, or so impressed the journalists who accompanied him, as the nine hundred convicts in Dartmoor Prison. Very graphic and lengthy reports of this meeting appeared in nearly all the London papers, including the Times."

We feel sure that Canadian readers will welcome a few more details than we were able to give them last week.

The Chapel.

"The prison chapel is a plain, square building, with no ornamentation save copies of two of Dore's pictures on the walls. At one end is a gallery, which contains a fine organ. A wooden platform had been put up opposite the gallery. Bare, backless wooden benches furnished the only seating, with raised chairs for the attendant warders.

"But what a congregation! As we entered from behind the platform the first impression was that of a solid parallelogram of white faces. There were nine hundred convicts present—well-lit all who were in the prison, although no one came under compulsion. Gradually the solid form of human countenances began to disintegrate into its units.

"All the long sentence prisoners, provided their health is good, go to Dartmoor, and most of the recidivists, so that it contains practically all the worst-criminals under sentence. No wonder, then, that there were some repulsive types under Governor Thompson's care. Many were old—come with snow-white hair. Here and there one saw a man with gentler type of face, and these seemed to glare defiantly at the strangers who had come to look upon their shame. Altogether it was a picture the like of which it is not given to many in the outside world to look upon."

"The General took his seat in the centre of the platform, surrounded by his Staff. 'I am going to ask you,' he said, 'to sing a song with which many of you are no doubt familiar.'

Then he proceeded to read out, verse by verse, the old hymn, 'There is a fountain filled with blood,' and he interspersed the reading with homely comments.

"And sinners plunged beneath that flood lose all their guilty stains." I plunged beneath the flood sixty-two years ago. I was a wild and wicked youth, and was going headlong to ruin."

Personal Appeal.

"And then came a bit of magnificent egotism, which would have been out of place from anybody else. Here it was quite in keeping as illustrating the General's point. 'Look what the grace of God has done for me.' Who knows what I might have

been? Who knows what I might have done?"

"The hymn was sung to the tune of 'Auld Lang Syne,' and heartily as only prisoners can sing. It was followed by prayer from Mr. Bramwell Booth, and then the General was on his feet, erect and alert, to call upon Colonel Lawley to sing a solo. 'Colonel Lawley has got an appealing tenor voice.

"Hark! hear the Saviour knocking,
Will you let Him in?"

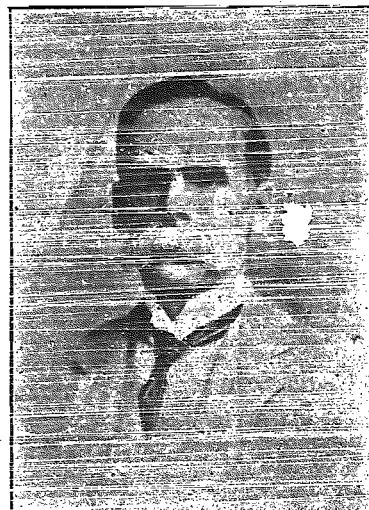
"The way in which this was sung brought a tear to many eyes.

"Now all join in the chorus," said the General, and it was done with right good will.

"General Booth's talk to the men lasted nearly forty minutes. It was nothing more than a homely talk—simple, direct, appealing. Here and there were little bursts of rhetoric, during which the eyes flashed and the long white hair waved like a pennon. But as a rule it was a kindly chat, every sentence of which seemed fitted for the audience which he was addressing.

Saints and Sinners.

"Some sinners are bigger than others, just as some saints are better than others. Some of you have had praying parents. You have sent your fathers in sorrow to the grave. You have sent your mother's hair grey."



The Hon. Frank Oliver, Minister of the Interior.

"These direct thrusts began to tell, and down many a cheek the tears began to run as faces were thrust forward in eager attention.

"But what was it to be saved? To turn to Christ now, here," he said. "Never mind the future, Almighty God will take care of that. Make a believing now."

"Salvation, he went on to say, meant three things—the forgiveness of all the black past, a change of heart, and love to all our fellow-creatures. And it was open to all. God Almighty was not like some of the doctors, who would only cure easy cases.

"And now, what are you going to do?" asked the General. "If you say, 'O God, I will do what You want me to do,' then God will be on your side, and will carry you through. But remember, you and I have cursed one world. God is not going to let us curse another. He will not have us in the next world except on His own terms."

"And then, with a few words of earnest exhortation, the General sat down. Quite half his hearers were visibly affected. There was another solo from Colonel Lawley, and the benediction from the venerable preacher. As he left the hall there was a spontaneous and hearty burst of hand-clapping from the congregation.

"So ended the weirdest religious service I have ever attended. And I verily believe that some of the words of this morning will not fall on stony ground."

A Study in Emigration

(Extract from The Farmer's Advocate.)

General Booth, of the Salvation Army, a few years ago saw in emigration one of the keys to unlock the problems of England. With the General, to conceive was to act. In 1904 and 1905 over 5,000 people emigrated, chiefly to Canada, through the agency he set in motion; this year the number will probably reach 12,000, and from present indications, it is quite probable that in 1907 the total will be brought up to 25,000. It is not easy for us to make a fair estimate of the character of this inflow of population from a Canadian standpoint, as distinguished from the general tide coming in independently, or under Government or other agencies, as the individuals become so scattered, but we can frankly say that we have heard many highly-favorable expressions in respect to the class of persons brought out under Army auspices. According to a careful census furnished by the emigrants, some 21 per cent. were actually members of the Army; 38 per cent. avowed themselves Church of England, and 41 per cent. Presbyterians, Wesleyans, Roman Catholics, and other denominations. Under the wholesome conditions of Canada, the new-comers should find their own state and status very greatly improved; the Dominion will be advantaged by their presence here in proportion as they live up to the standards and directions of the Army, while the congested population of the Old Land will be reduced, and its possibilities of regeneration will be made vastly easier.

Now, this movement is certainly going to continue, and since it must be reckoned with, deserves careful consideration. Primarily, it is based upon the principle that the troubles of congested England are to be remedied, not in work-houses or other pauperizing, state-aided institutions, but upon the land. Having been at some pains to enquire into the modus-operandi of the Army's emigration campaign, we are satisfied that it has not been a mere dumping process. As was pointed out in a previous issue, Great Britain should not shift on to Canada degenerates of her own making, and the avowed policy of the Army is individual regeneration at home, and the sending abroad of those ascertained to be sober, honest, thrifty, and industrious. That line of procedure should be closely followed by all organizations engaging in an emigration propaganda. The attention which the Army's work has attracted, and the confidence of the people in it, may be inferred from the fact that as many as 100 applications per day have been received at times during this season at Headquarters, London, Eng., from persons desirous of coming to Canada; and that there is a process of selection going on, we gather from the further fact that, up to the time of our enquiries, out of 70,000 applications, but 10,000 persons were actually sent out. They come from all parts of Great Britain, and next season a special office for Scotland and Ireland will be opened at Glasgow, in addition to the general office in old London. In all probability, the applications for the approaching year will double those of 1905, which will plainly necessitate greater work and vigilance on the part of those in charge, in order to maintain the standard of those who emigrate. We are quite sure that the General and Colonel David C. Lamb, the efficient London officer in charge of the work, fully realize this. . . .

Judging by the manner in which, thus far, it has been carried out, the campaign is one deserving commendation. It is well to realize at once that the difficulties and dangers of such movements as this arise when they become large, and less amenable to close supervision. To use the phraseology of the Stock Exchange, Canada is "long" on land, natural resources and opportunities for those who are willing to learn and work, and "short" on men and women. The farming districts of Ontario and other Eastern Provinces, than which there are no better to be found in the world, are notoriously undermanned, and the general industries of the country are also thriving. Our natural increase has been slow. Great Britain can spare probably 350,000 per year and still maintain her enormous normal population of some 43,000,000. We need people to develop the country, provided they are

selected according to General Booth's plans, and the emigrants, when they come, display something of the patience, courage, and faith of many of our forefathers, from the Old Land, who, a few generations ago, faced the Canadian forest to hew out homes for themselves rather than endure oppressive conditions, miserable class distinctions, and stunted living on the islands that gave them birth.

The National Prison Congress at Albany.

The Canadian Salvation Army Represented by Lieut.-Colonel Pugmire, Secretary for Prison Work.

As was intimated in a previous issue, Lieut.-Colonel Pugmire, as the Army's Canadian representative, was invited to attend the great National Prison Congress held recently at Albany, U.S.

Something of the importance of the gathering will be gleaned from the fact that there were four hundred delegates present, many of them being leading public people in the United States.

The Colonel's appearance in the full regulation uniform of the Salvation Army was heralded on all occasions by the utmost respect by everybody.

On the last night of the session it fell to Colonel Pugmire's lot to address the delegates on the Salvation Army's work in our Canadian prisons. This was listened to with intense interest, and all who know the Colonel and have heard him plead the cause of salvation for the prisoner will rest assured that his theme was dealt with worthily.

Many and difficult are the problems which confront all who have to do with the great prison systems of every civilized country. Punitive measures have very rarely proved themselves to be of a reformatory character. Far more often has it been otherwise. But we venture to say that in the salvation of the criminal lies the crux of the whole matter. The transforming grace of God is the only safeguard against moral degeneracy for every class of sinner.

The Colonel's advocacy of the Army's methods for assisting ex-prisoners at the Congress has accomplished much far-reaching good.

Prisoner! For You!

A Message to All Within Prison Cells.

By Mrs. Blanche Johnston, Praying League Secretary.

"He made it again."—Jer. xviii. 4.

"Hope eternal is the guiding star

For ever hung from the gates of heaven,

That they who wander may behold afar,

A sign of home to wanderers given."

My mind is drawn away this lovely summer day from my surroundings, for the sun shines in all the brightness of its summer glory, and the birds are trilling a glad song in the chestnut and maple trees; and the fragrance of many flowers wafts its sweet breath through my window, and in imagination I visit you, my brother, my sister, in the gloom and loneliness of your narrow cell. My heart throbs with an intense desire to pen some little word that shall be a blessing and means of uplift to you who watch for and read eagerly this white-winged messenger.

The first thought suggested is from a picture given us by Jeremiah, in the 18th chapter of his prophecy. He tells us that he went down to the potter's house, and there God taught him a lesson. The vessel in the potters hand was marred. Instead of putting it away as a useless thing, the potter placed the clay once more upon the wheel, and moulded it into a vessel to please him.

It is typical of our God. "We are the clay, He is the Potter." In this symbol of the Father's patience and love I see a ray of hope for all erring humanity. Oh, reader, if your heart is despairing, I would like to write that word "Hope," in letters of fire upon it, and bid you take courage, for there is yet a possibility of your making something of your life.

"What is that hope?" you query. "He made it again." He took the unsightly, shapeless thing, and, under the magic of his skilful touch, it was remade—a vessel of honor, a useful thing. There was one condition necessary to this—the clay was passive in the potter's hand. So he was able to carry out the design of His will in it.

God's original plan, when He created him in His own image, was that man should be beautiful, strong, and happy. Man, through disobedience, became marred, and brought sin into a world of beauty. Christ came to be the propitiation for sin—came "not to call the righteous, but sinners, to repentance," in this assurance there is hope for you. The Lord will make the poor, spoiled, marred human being "a new creature." It is not His will that any should perish, but that all should live. The Divine Potter would waste nothing. Your only hope, then, is in Him. Put yourself in His hands. The prodigal did this when he said, "Father, I have sinned." His life had been a failure; he retraced his steps and in his father's presence found fullness of life. You may say, "It is useless; I have broken my mother's heart, blighted my wife's life, violated my country's laws—the stigma of shame, of disgrace, shadows my name. I can never be what I once was, I can never forget my black career, my friends will never forgive me, the world will never trust me. It is useless now, perfectly useless." Perhaps you may answer, "I have tried to get beyond my sinful past, but its memory haunts me." Oh, say not so, my brother. True, you may have tried to retrace your steps, but you failed because it was in a human resolution you placed your confidence, and your will, weakened by past yieldings to sin, did not stand the test of temptation. But give up trying in your own strength now, and with your burden of transgression come to the feet of Christ. He was in all points tempted as we are, yet without sin, and in His great magnanimous sympathy and love, will, with every temptation, make a way of escape. This is your only hope for earthly happiness, of heavenly joy.

Have patience with yourself. You have been years drifting away. God will help you if you trust Him. Some of you have had Christian homes, and your childhood days are fragrant with sweet, tender memories. A loving mother's prayers follow you. Her tears have watered the midnight pillow, and her sorrow has entered into the heart of God. Others have not been so privileged. No parent's counsel was given you to warn you against life's quicksands. Unfortunate environment surrounded you earliest hours. You have had many disadvantages. I know it is hard for you to pull against the stream, and with all the natural propensities to evil, there seems very little chance. But God has promised that "whosoever"—that means you—cometh unto Him He will not turn away, and that His grace will be sufficient. Lift up your head and try, then.

"He only earns his freedom and existence Who daily conquers them anew."

Let not your past failures discourage you. Make up your mind to live a busy life. A great Divine once said, "If you are idle, you are on the road to ruin, and there are few stopping-places upon it—it is rather a precipice than a road." And another writer tells us that—

"Labor is life!

Keep the watch wound or the dark rust will come."

Let me urge upon you, my brother, my sister, in view of the great future which must be spent in bliss or darkness, in heavenly rapture or in the abyss of woe, for the sake of Christ who loves you, and for the possibilities which are even yet before you, to gather up all the tangled threads of your life, bring all to Jesus in the spirit of the beautiful hymn—

"Just as I am, without one plea,

But that Thy blood was shed for me,

And that Thou bidst me come to Thee,

O Lamb of God, I come."

Lay all in childlike faith at His feet and accept Him as your Saviour. He will cleanse you, no matter how full of depravity and vice the past has been. Lay aside this paper, and in the isolation of your cell kneel by the bench or bed, yield yourself as clay to the potter, and He will take your poor, marred, spoiled life and reform it, and you shall yet develop a noble, useful, happy manhood and womanhood.

Publication Sergt.-Major Mulcahy, OF MONTREAL.

Canada's Champion Boomer Beguiled into the War Cry Den.

It was a real pleasure to grasp hands with Bro. Mulcahy at the fall end of a few days' vacation sought in Toronto.

Having had an opportunity at the fine new University Street building of seeing him, waylay unwary attenders at a weeknight service, with a bundle of War Crys, offered with a cheery smile accompaniment, which discounts refusal, we had mentally resolved to pass on to other boomers in the Dominion the secret springs of success so frequently tapped by our comrade, if by any means they were accessible. Some comrades fight shy of a reporter, as though they were afraid of infection from small-pox, when the bare idea is meekly suggested that their experience or travels might be profitable to War Cry readers! It was a relief, therefore, to find Brother Mulcahy quite as fraternal as heretofore after the intention had been confessed.

Montreal I. has a standing order for 700 copies of the War Cry—more than doubled, of course, for the special issues. How well the Publication Sergeant-Major disposes of them will be best appreciated by the fact that for a successive run of four years there has been no loss debited to the corps on their account.

The Secret of Success.

In answer to our question, "Wherein lies the secret of success?" Sergt. Mulcahy, frankly declared that he had found it to be in beginning early.

"I always give out the Crys dated for the following Saturday, to my boomers on Monday, and afford them plenty of chance of getting to work at once. It is no good leaving it till the end of the week. I should not come through at all that way. I have a staff of some six boomers, which varies from time to time as comrades come and go, but these fellow-laborers are my special charge, and I do my best to cheer and encourage them all I can."

Knowing how high on the list Tilly often figures, I ventured the question, "Your daughter is quite a help to you, is she not? May I ask her age?"

"Tillie is a good little worker—(when she likes!)" added her fond father. "She is only seven years old."

"Only Seven! You astonish me! I imagined her quite a young lady—probably of Corps-Cadet age," and the interviewer found a train of thought suggested involuntarily as to what a child may accomplish when properly trained to it. (Perhaps other parents might take the hint!)

"A word about your customers, Brother Mulcahy," we said tentatively.

"Oh, they are mostly catch customers, although we have a certain percentage of regulars. Our opportunities in the upper part of the city are better than when we were on Alexander Street. The population is more settled. Then, of course, many people only secure their War Cry at the barracks, and I find it necessary to reserve two or three hundred for them, or they would be disappointed. One thing I have noticed particularly, very few are thrown down or left behind. People appreciate the War Cry and take it home to read. One gentleman actually gave \$5 for one copy of a certain special issue!"

"You've held your position some time, Brother Mulcahy, have you not?"

"Yes; I've been on the War Cry job four years, and had much blessing through it, too. Of course it has its difficulties and discouragements, like every section of corps work, but at the same time I can say it has been a great help to me, in my own spiritual experience."

"Have any direct conversations come to your notice through the War Cry?"

"Yes; I remember a fellow who bought a Cry in a saloon down town, and through it came to the meeting and got saved. Another case was a woman, who afterwards became Sergeant in a Rescue Home, and subsequently went into the work as a field officer."

P. S.-M. Mulcahy has quite a story to tell of his own conversion, although modest man that he is, one must know how to draw him out if you feel would hear it. This, however, must be reserved for another issue.

Record Harvest Festival Meetings.

Headquarters-Specials Have Times of Blessing and Victory—Many Souls Won.

LISGAR STREET.

Brigadier and Mrs. Howell conducted the meetings at Lisgar Street. The barracks was nicely decorated for the occasion, and there was a grand display of fruit and vegetables. Mrs. Howell gave several good addresses during the day, and spoke with power. The collections amounted to over \$50. The hall was packed with an interested audience, and two souls came out for pardon.

BOWMANVILLE.

Major Morris and the Male Choir specialised at Bowmanville. The open-air crowds were record ones and finances were extra good, over \$30 being given altogether. The barracks was well filled at night, and two souls sought salvation.

HAMILTON I.

Staff-Capt. Manton and Hay were at Hamilton I. They gripped the attention of the people in all the meetings. Staff-Capt. Manton's singing was very inspiring. Captains Hanagan and Beattie were also present, and their help was much appreciated by the band. The songsters did well, the band worked hard, and the collections were good.

BARRIE.

Staff-Capt. and Mrs. Miller visited Barrie, where sixteen years ago the Staff-Captain was in command. He reports a good time, finances well up, and three souls for salvation. Mrs. Miller preached

spiritually and financially. Nine souls were won. Adjt. Howell says that the Cadets are an earnest, enthusiastic lot.

PARLIAMENT STREET.

Capt. and Lieut. Webber, accompanied by Capt. Lightbourne and Miss Simpson, were at Parliament Street. The crowd in the open-air at the Park was a record one. In the evening meeting Capt. Webber spoke powerfully on "The harvest of the earth is ripe," and two souls came forward for salvation.

LIPPINCOTT.

A good week-end is reported from Lippincott. Large crowds, good finances, and nine souls in the fountain. Adjutant Williams and helpers greatly cheered.

DOVERCOURT.

Capt. Neilie and Daisy Coombs were at Dovercourt, assisted by ten Cadets. They conducted some bright and lively meetings and had the pleasure of seeing seven souls at the penitent form for holiness and salvation.

CLINTON (by wire).

H. F. target smashed—over \$80. Things in general looking better.—Tiller.

The Eastern Province Reports Harvest Victories.

The officers are determined that this year will not be one whit behind its predecessors for self-denial and sacrifice. The East will acquit itself as of yore, and is in to win all over.

We are pleased to say that the following corps have sent in their targets: Truro, Windsor, Inverness and Parreboro. Congratulations to the C. O.'s concerned. You have done splendidly!

called upon and gave straight talks on salvation. Mrs. Adjt. Thompson sang "What shall I say to my Lord?" after which Mrs. Brigadier Turner riveted the attention of the crowd by her spirited talk on God's wonderful dealings with men.

The Brigadier, with his heart all aflame with Divine power, rose and delivered an address on "Shipwrecked."

After a well-directed prayer meeting the labors of the day were crowned by two souls at the cross.

United Meeting and Send-Off of Cadets.

On Monday evening all the city corps united with No. 1, for the farewell of fourteen Cadets for the Toronto Training Home, Brigadier and Mrs. Turner leading, assisted by their body-guard.

After the preliminaries the Brigadier delivered a message to his Cadets, brimful of blessing and instruction. He based his remarks on Paul's charge to Timothy, "Preach the word; be instant in season, out of season." No doubt the Cadets will carry portions of this address right through their career. The congregation was deeply moved.

Major Phillips then called upon each Cadet in turn for a farewell testimony, or solo. At the finish the flag was brought to the platform and streamers of yellow, red, and blue, attached to the top of the pole, were passed along to each Cadet, and there we consecrated ourselves afresh for service. At this point the Brigadier called for volunteers to take the place of those who were leaving, and in a very short time sixteen men and women were kneeling at the cross, some for salvation and others for holiness or officership. At a very late hour we brought to a close one of the best series of meetings in the history of St. John.—Burning Bush.

St. John's United Welcome Demonstration to Brigadier and Mrs. Turner.

Brigadier and Mrs. Turner and their daughter Ruth were given a real Eastern welcome at the Union Depot on Saturday. All the city officers had gathered to get the first glimpse of the new P. O., and the more noisy than the rest led the way for an Hurrah! as the Brigadier appeared on the platform.

On Thursday afternoon the Brigadier and his wife

An to
Exceptional
Privilege
Open to All.

THE COMMISSIONER

Assisted by the Entire Staff and Field, comprising
Over Three Hundred Officers, will conduct

A DAY WITH GOD

IN THE TEMPLE,

ON

Monday, October 15th,

At 11 a.m., 3 and 7 p.m.

It is expected that this last
day of our Annual Fall
Meetings will be phenom-
enal in

Blessing,
Baptism and
Soul-Saving.

No one within one hundred
miles should miss it.

to the prisoners in the jail in the afternoon. Capt. and Mrs. Burton were present in the evening meeting. The corps is in a flourishing condition, and everything is going well.

TORONTO JUNCTION.

Ensign White and Lieut. Palmer were at Toronto Junction. The Kilburn Hall was hired for the week-end, and an audience of about 400 were present at night. The Band is doing well. Five young men came to Christ.

YORKVILLE.

Staff-Capt. and Mrs. Attwell were at Yorkville. The crowds were good, likewise finances, and six souls sought salvation.

ESTHER STREET.

Ensign Peacock, accompanied by Lieuts. Patten and Hebertson, was in charge of the meetings at Esther Street. Good times are reported, and five souls sought Christ. The Band is coming along first rate.

NEWMARKET.

Capt. Chappin, accompanied by the Salvation Corps, was at Newmarket for the week-end. Two souls volunteered out to the penitent form in the night meeting and another, under deep conviction, was dealt with in his seat. It was nearing midnight when he finally surrendered. Lieut. Carr is doing his best here, and is confident of victory.

TEMPLE.

Brigadier, Taylor, and the Temple Cadets were at the Association Hall on Yonge Street for the Sunday. The meetings were well attended, powerful addresses and testimonies were given, and thirteen souls sought salvation.

RIVERDALE.

From Riverdale comes a report of good times

We have not heard from Bermuda yet, but we doubt not but that the ability and prowess of Ensign Trickey and his officers will vanquish the District target.

The Eastern Provincial Officer.

First Week-End at No. 1.—Farewell of Cadets.

Brigadier and Mrs. Turner led their first Sunday meetings in the Province at No. 1, assisted by Major and Mrs. Phillips and the Provincial Staff.

At 7 a.m. knee-drill the Master came very near, and a real spiritual foundation was laid for a day of victory.

Mrs. Turner gave a heart-talk on full salvation, with a claim up on all present to seek for the deep things of God. Our hearts were gripped.

The Brigadier took for his subject "Soul-Winning, Our Responsibility." God helped him to portray impressively the will of the Master in each life. At the close one soul came forward and sought salvation.

The afternoon meeting was indeed of the free-and-easy style. A very large audience greeted the new leaders, and in return their faces showed their appreciation. Friends from all over the building seemed eager to be first to give testimony to the hope that was in them. The Brigadier called upon Mrs. Adjt. Thompson for a solo; then Major Phillips, who is a very busy man, made one of his own characteristic speeches, full of sound logic.

Mrs. Turner preceded the Brigadier with an address which carried the audience, and inspired devotion to God and His work into the souls of every Christian.

The Brigadier's subject, "Narrow and Broad," held our attention closely for twenty-five minutes. The meeting closed with one soul at the cross for salvation.

The night meeting found us facing another large congregation. Adjt. Cave gave out the first song. Adjt. Bowering and the Brigadier led in prayer. By this time fever heat had taken hold of the meeting; such singing from hearts all afire for dying souls seldom ever heard.

Ensign Freeman and Mrs. Major, Phillips were

met the city officers over a cup of tea at the Evangeline Home. After tea everyone, from "the least unto the greatest," gave a word of testimony. The new P. O.'s were certainly made to feel at home.

Great preparations had been made for the

Public Welcome Meeting

In the No. 1 barracks. A large motto hung across the back, bearing the words, "The East extends a hearty welcome to Brigadier and Mrs. Turner." Draped over the platform were two huge flags, and the word "Welcome" in very large artistic letters hung across them. On each side of the platform was a motto, one being "We greet you," the other "We'll help you," and when we add to this a platform full of happy Salvationists we have as fine a picture as can be looked upon.

After preliminaries the Chancellor, Major Phillips, assured all present that he felt honored to introduce Brigadier and Mrs. Turner as the new Provincial Officers of the Eastern Province. He regretted that the Chief Secretary, Colonel Kyle, who was to have been there to install the new F.O.'s, was detained, and for a short time he found himself placed in the Chief Secretary's shoes. (Volley.)

Several representative officers, locals, and soldiers to greet the new P. O. (Space forbids a detailed list.—Ed.)

Mr. Perry, of Montreal, an old friend of the Brigadier, who happened to be in St. John at the time, emphasized the noble work done by them in Montreal, and made us feel that we had been fortunate in getting such leaders. I might say that Mr. Perry showed his appreciation of our work by donating a substantial amount towards our new citadel at No. 1.

Staff-Capt. Holman, of the Halifax Rescue Home, spoke of the unexpected pleasure it gave him to be at that welcome meeting, and promised the Brigadier that when he came to Halifax he would be after him to use his influence for a new Rescue Home.

An address of welcome, signed by the Chancellor on behalf of the Eastern troops, was presented, which was very artistically gotten up, reflecting great credit on the originator. Both Brigadier and Mrs. Turner fittingly replied before bringing the meeting to a close.—G. F. T.

CORPS BULLETINS

BEAR RIVER. We arrived here three weeks ago, and received a hearty welcome from the comrades. Sunday was a day of blessing to our souls. At night we held a memorial service for our departed comrade, Blanche Hart. On Wednesday night we had a corn supper, which was a success. Capt. Taylor and Lieut. Strothard, from Annapolis, were with us. The Lieutenant's music was much enjoyed. We are also pleased to have with us Mrs. Perry, a comrade from Freeport. Mrs. Perry was stationed here some years ago, and her many friends were glad to see her. Mr. Willard Harris, from New York, who is on a visit to his home here, led the holiness meeting Sunday morning. Bro. Harris is a warm friend of the Army, and his earnest speaking proved a blessing to all. He has two sisters officers in the Army. Harvest Festival is in full swing now. —M. Ada Melkie, Capt.

SURIN. We have been favored with a visit Three Souls. from our dear friend, Adj. Haddick, who labored with us some years ago. The meetings conducted by him were seasons of blessing. The soldiers were encouraged to go on and three sinners surrendered to God. Our building was packed and the War Cry was sold out quick. The Adjutant's message from God's Word was sharp and to the point. We are looking forward to greater victories.—Jessie Lukken, Sergt.

CHATHAM. Our Sunday crowds are good. The One Soul, interest is rising and our prayer meetings gaining in power. One soul for the weekend.

DARTMOUTH. Wad ye believe me if I tolde Five Start for the ye what happened Sunday Holy City. night? Insoin and Mrs. Parsons came over to give us a matins. Well, to make a long story short, Mrs. Parsons gave us a illigit description of the holy city. My, but it were lively and o'm only puttin' a word. Of counted fovie, wan after another, startin' for the holy city. This was a bit more than we cud stand, and it made us shift our fate a bit and shout the praises of the Lord. Dan Woods sed he got blessed so much collectin' for H. F. he laughed and then cried, and another sister prayed with a man on the street. The devil do be griffin' it, ye meind. Pat.

EDMONTON. A week ago we had an enrolment: Six Enrolled. of six who are proving to be lo, al and true. We also had a good meeting with Staff-Capt. Taylor, the result being one soul. Four more souls have since then sought and found the Saviour. After the meeting was out, and all had gone but a few soldiers, we rallied together and held a prayer meeting, and one man got gloriously saved. We have also some new soldiers lately from Brantford.—Alice Colvins, Lieut.

GOOSEBERRY ISLAND. We have had the joy of seeing souls saved from sin, and are holding on in mighty faith for many more. On Sunday we had a blessed time. We had the joy of giving a welcome home to our comrades and friends from the fishery. We also had with us J. Sergt.-Major Howse, of St. John's I. corps, who took an active part in the meetings all day, this place being the scene of the Sergeant-Major's happy boyhood days. We all appreciated his visit very much.—Lieut. Nettle Rose.

HEART'S DELIGHT. The people are just coming home from their summer voyage, and we are having good, powerful meetings, with souls in the fountain. On Sunday night we had a dedication service, when the baby daughter of our Sergeant-Major was given to God and the Army. One soul came to the Saviour.—Ensign England.

HALIFAX I.—The Halifax I. corps won't fare any the worse because of the new officers who have come to take charge, to grapple with its many problems and difficulties, and to lead us on to victory. They have just come from a splendid corps. But Adj. and Mrs. Carter have said farewell to the dear people of Glace Bay, and have come to take the city of Halifax. The Adjutant is not an entire stranger here, feeling he was stationed here, some years ago, with



Sergt. E. Gabriel, a converted Jew, of Winnipeg I.

Adjutant (now Staff-Captain) Coombs, and it was a great joy to the old, faithful soldiers who had fought under his command in days gone by to have the privilege of doing so once more. The influence of their meetings is being felt already, and souls are getting saved, soldiers' spirits are being revived, and hopes are high for a remarkable fall campaign. Sunday was a day of wonderful blessing. In the morning one dear soul knelt and claimed forgiveness of sin, and seemed determined to do what God would have her to do. In our prayer meeting at night four dear sisters knelt at the foot of the cross. We believe that they will take up their cross and follow Jesus day by day. One backslider was so miserable and so sad-hearted that he picked up his hat and rushed out of the building. He was followed outside and faithfully dealt with, and although he failed to give in we believe that ultimately God shall win the day.—B. C. Turner, Lieut.

HAMILTON I. During the four weeks Adj. and Two Souls. Mrs. Knight were on furlough the comrades did nobly in pushing the war. On Sunday we had good times. One soul is the morning and one at night. At night we held a memorial service for our late comrade, Mrs. Waring. Bandman Marlock also accompanied for the Training College. He will be much missed, but we pray God will make him a great blessing in his new sphere. Harvest Festival is all the talk now.—A. W., for Adj. Knight.

HAMILTON II. The work here is still progressing, and souls are coming to Christ. God's presence was felt from knee-drill till the close of the night meeting. We worked and prayed, believing that we were going to move in our midst. Not were we disappointed. In the night meeting, before the meeting closed we had the joy of seeing four at the mercy seat. We are believing for even greater victories in the near future. —Lieut. Patrick.

HUNTSVILLE. — Capt. and Mrs. Leatt have gone on furlough and Lieut. Miller has come to hold on in their absence. Adj. and Mrs. Parsons gave us a hurried call on their return from their furlough. The comrades and friends were delighted to see them again. The T. F. S. has also been with us and gone. He left us all smiles, because



Capt. March, Dominion, C.B.



Lieut. Andrews, Dominion, C.B.

came Lieut. Whitney to our midst.—Corps Cadet John Spanner.

IROQUOIS. On Sept. 10th and 11th we were One Soul. favored with a visit from Capt. Hurd, the G. B. M. Agent, with his stereoscopic service entitled "The Way to Heaven," which was very much enjoyed by all present. While this is a new opening, we are glad to say God is with us. This week we had the joy of seeing one soul coming to God.—L. M. S., for I. J. G.

LITTLE BAY ISLAND. On the last Sunday in Three Souls. August we had a good time to our souls, and one dear young woman came with a broken heart to God and got blessedly saved. We have had some enjoyable times of late under the command of Capt. E. Metcalf and Lieut. A. Barry. The company meetings are the best yet. On Sunday night last

the Captain took her lesson from the twelfth chapter of Luke, and was listened to with great attention. Two dear sisters came forward to seek salvation. One of them was a backslider for seven years.—E. J. Oxford, Cadet.



Mrs. Charles Arthurs, Halifax II, a convert of two weeks, who collected \$50.00 for Harvest Festival.

still, but we'll have a revival again. Altogether we can report four souls this week.—J. B. and H. E. S.



Capt. Netting, Louisburg, C.B.

day of great blessing. Knee-drill was led by the Staff-Captain, at which one soul surrendered fully to God. The rest of the meetings were led by Design and Mrs. Gilling. In the holiness meeting three souls presented themselves to God and at night, after a desperate battle, six came out, making ten for the day. Good crowds, good interest, and good finances all day. The soldiers worked hard to help their officers. Sunday next will be the farewell of the Ensign and his wife, after two years' warfare in Montreal. It will be with much sorrow the comrades and friends will say good-bye to them, after one of the most successful terms in the history of the corps.—Tory.

MONCTON. Since last report Ensign Martin and Lieut. McKersy have left. Captain Hamilton has taken charge, assisted by Capt. Glick. On Sunday we had fine crowds. We had a visit from Capt. Cavender. He gave us a very impressive lantern service on Friday night. It truly impressed us with the thought that God will bless the man who lets his light shine. We were delighted to have our new P. O. Brigadier Turner, with us on Thursday night. The Brigadier's address in the open-air took well, also inside.—D. B.

NEW WESTMINSTER. Week-end, time of blessing to our souls. On Sunday night Ensign McLean (on furlough), who for some time has been visiting here, said good-bye for Riverside, Cal. The Ensign cannot be idle, and did some good work for God here, and made many friends. Comrade Flint has gone to Paris, France. We were real sorry to see this comrade leaving, but domestic ties necessitated his leaving us. Bro. Flint is a miracle of God's saving grace. Once he was very deep in sin and misery, and had resolved to commit suicide. He thought that he had gone too far for God to save him, but meditating one night in his hotel room in Vancouver, the S. A. came along and held an open-air in front of his window. He listened to the testimonies and God spoke to him. He went to the hall, got blessedly saved, and has been a very bright soldier. We pray God may make him a blessing to the cause in his country.—Dixie Z.

OTTAWA I. The past week has been one of great stir and activity. Large crowds attended the Central Canada Exhibition, and the S. A., ever up to date, secured a tent, and in open-air and hope and Saviour preached Jesus as the sinner's only evening, during every afternoon, and occasionally, one being on a special prison mission, was present all day, taking a prominent part. The moving pictures were shown in the citadel. There was a large attendance. The Brass Band rendered a special music to the occasion. Cadet W. McFadden,

who farewelled Sunday night, finally left for the Training Home at 1.30 Sunday night. A large number of comrades and officers were there to say goodbye. As the train pulled out they sang, "Till we meet at Jesus' feet." On Friday evening a Rescue meeting was led by Staff-Capt. Ellery and Ensign Hall on the Exhibition grounds. Some practical information and touching incidents were related concerning the work. Capt. Meads was present and we were glad to greet her once more. Two souls were led to seek salvation, in the tent by coming right out to the front—French.

PARIS. We have just had a week-end visit from Ensign Edwards. His Western service, "Love and Sorrow," was a real good service, and all were well pleased with it. The Ensign worked hard at the open-air and inside meetings on the Saturday and Sunday, and although no one could there was deep conviction, and we trust there will very soon be a great ingathering of souls. We are waiting for an outpouring of God's Spirit, and we believe prayer will win. The Harvest Festival target is sure.—A Soldier in the Fight.

PETERBORO. Last Saturday and Sunday God Six Souls. Indeed blessed our efforts. Saturday night a dear brother, who has been a backslider for a number of years, came back to the fold again and got nicely saved. Sunday God was very near to us and spoke to many hearts. The meetings were of a farewell aspect, as Bandsman Clitheroe was farewelling for the Training College. At night six sought and found Jesus and glorious times were experienced. A number of the soldiers' partook in a hallelujah march around the hall. Wednesday was the League of Mercy meeting and the final farewell of Bandsman Clitheroe. At this meeting our departing comrade took the lesson and spoke very well to the number who had assembled.—Cambria.

PRESCOTT. We are having good Seven Souls at Cottage meetings here. God is Meeting. mightily working among the people, and we are believing for a mighty wave of salvation flowing over this town. Capt. Richardson and Lieut. Spinks visited Stephensonville and held a cottage meeting, where we had the joy of seeing seven souls out for salvation.—Lieut. Spinks.

REGINA. We are in for interesting times short-Two Souls. by and Capt. Pearce informs your humble dust that there is to be one of those rare events in Regina corps—a hallelujah wedding. Still the tide rolls in, for as a climax to good and crowded meetings on Sunday, victory rested with the local forces, in that two made up their minds to renounce the devil. May God bless the dear converts.—E. H., Corps Cor.

ST. JOHN'S I. During the summer months the Eleven Souls. fighting has been scarce, yet we have had many victories to rejoice over. The open-air meetings have been successfully handled and definite results have followed. The hard fighting has made us into good soldiers, and we rather like it. On Sunday we had a beautiful time. In the early morning quite a number of soldiers and converts came together with one purpose, "wait upon God" for strength for the day's fight. "Faith and works" was the plan laid before each one, and also the need of doing our very utmost to lead a soul to Jesus. At the holiness meeting our hopes were revived by the Spirit of God, and the weak ones were encouraged and strengthened. Hot testimonies were given in the afternoon and many were wounded. One sought and found Christ. At night the fight was again resumed. The subject "Faith and Works" was dealt with by Adit. Cameron. A well-fought prayer meeting followed. The enemy was driven back and ten souls captured for our King. Thanks was given to God by a real Newfoundland "hallelujah wind-up."—Sticky.

ST. JOHN III. Brigadier and Mrs. Turner led a Seven Souls. united meeting of the city corps, assisted by Major and Mrs. Phillips. A full house greeted the new P. O.'s on their first visit to this corps. Capt. and Mrs. Urquhart, the officers in charge, had things well announced. They are doing well here. Mrs. Turner sang and the Brigadier gave us an address on the "rich young man." A splendid leader of a prayer meeting is the Brigadier. His concertina playing is good. Seven souls at the cross was a good finish.—Burning Bush.

ST. THOMAS. Enthusiastic week-end Visitors from London. meetings. We had with us Band-Sergeant Ward and others from London. Bro. Ward is an old officer from the Old Country, a veteran in the fight, and an adept in handling a crowd in the open-air. Converted twenty-three years ago, at the Congress Hall, Clifton, at one of Mrs. Booth's watch-night services, he has since then always been in the thick of the fight. On Monday we had a band tea, followed by a musical evening of the old style. Come again. Band-Sergeant. On Sept. 2nd a memorial service was held for the late Bro. Wiley, killed in the C.P.R. "Wabash collision." Several spoke of the good done by our late brother, prominent among these being his work in the C.P.R. Headquarters of Ingersoll. A few years ago Bro. Wiley was a "drunken railroad-er," to use his own phrase, but from the time of his conversion till his death he proved by his life the power of God had broken every chain.—Looker-on.

"SOO," ONT. We are having some Two Comrades Go West. real old-fashioned salvation meetings. God is with us. We had the joy of seeing two backsliders return to the fold on Wednesday. Sunday, Sept. 2nd, was a good day to our souls. Holiness meeting, two brothers came out for sanctification. At night the hall was packed to bid farewell to two of our comrades, Brother and Sister Gien, who have left us for the far West. Many tears were shed as one after another of the comrades spoke of the loyalty and faithfulness of the departing comrades to God and the Army. Many hearts were touched, and we are believing for a break in the ranks of the enemy.—One who was there.

TEMPLE. God did indeed visit the Temple Nineteen Souls. in a remarkable way this week. After a week of slowly fighting, during which five souls were captured, the comrades came up on Sunday morning in fine spirits ready to do battle for God. The holiness meeting was the scene of a remarkable visitation of God's Holy Spirit. Without a selection from the band, without a "sermon," yes, even the collection was forgotten for the time; God's Spirit seemed to fill the whole building, and everybody was able to feel the responsibility that was laid upon them. Right into a red-hot prayer meeting went the Adjutant, and seven souls came to God for a deeper consecration. The night meeting was a rich time. The Adjutant's message went to the sinner's heart, and again at night seven souls surrendered to God, making a total of fourteen for the day and nineteen for the week.—R. B. L., for Adit. and Mrs. McElaney.

TRURO, N.S. During the last couple of weeks Stirring Times. fifteen souls were won and our H. K. target smashed, being the first in the Province. Soldiers getting into uniform, and a good spirit in the corps, also an enrolment of soldiers—seven took their stand under the good old Army flag. Truro being a stopping-off place, we got quite a few visitors. Last week Evangelist Mackley, from Boston, read the lesson and spoke very forcibly on the love of Christ. The following week Evangelist Lickelott, from P. E. I., also gave us a very interesting talk from the good book, and Capt. Conrad and Jones, from Londonderry, led a special meeting on Monday night; a large audience and two souls at the close. Then our old friend, Brother P. A. Gerow, gave us a week-end. Speaking on Sunday afternoon on the Immigration Work he related a very sad and pathetic story. The day closed with four souls for salvation—six for the week-end. Come again, Bro. Gerow. You are all ways welcome. Lieut. P. Clark has come to assist Capt. F. White who has fought alone for three months. The Lieutenant is a good help, with cornet and singing. Rev. Mr. Carter was with us also this week. We all enjoyed his talks and testimony.—Longfellow.

VANCOUVER. Since our last report Hire the City Hall Now. Comrades Hockkins and Nutt have farewelled and gone to the Training Garrison, Toronto, where we are sure they will render a good account of themselves. On Friday night we had the joy of

16th Inst. we held great welcome meetings. We had with us Adit. Wiggin, and right glad we were to see him again. Although his voice was somewhat impaired, he delivered to the sinners words of warning of a judgment to come.—C. Roblacon.

WINNIPEG I. The Lord is with us, and Joe Ward Tells His souls are being saved in nearly every meeting. On Thursday night Joe Ward, the saved Yorkshireman, gave his life's story to a good crowd of anxious hearers, and as he told of the wondrous full change that has been the grace of God, taken place in his heart and life, a good impression was made upon all present. Sunday the Lord was with us from early knee-drill until the close at night. Good crowds, deep conviction, and souls in the fountain.—Capt. May Lang.

A Report in Rhyme.

St. John, N.B.

The Salvation Army still goes marching on in the city by the sea, they call it St. John. Good work they are doing in the city's five corps. Lots of souls saving, still looking for more. Now, there's No. I., with Cornish and Falle. The good they are doing I cannot tell all. Then over the way we find No. V., Emery and Rogers, and troops quite alive. We go a place further and find No. II., Where officers and soldiers are joy. I and tree. Then No. III., with Urquhart and wife. There's music, there's singing, there's the speaking, there's life.

To find Carleton corps we go over the bay, There Brace, Hanespacher, and McLean fight away. Attached to this corps is Fairville outpost. Where officers and soldiers are seeking the lost. The united meeting each Monday takes place. Where poor, helpless sinners find God's saving grace.

Our new Brigadier has come to lead us, With heart all aglow and faith in God strong. So onward we go, with colors unfurled; Our war cry, "Salvation for all the wide world!"—A. J. E.

Jerry's Klondike Despatch.

Dear Ould Iditor,—

As it is me solemn jooty to rapport the kondition iv things in the Klondike I ber leave to do that same. Throning in at "the group" was did I see but Capt. New, wid a smile on his face about 16 by 22. He had just had his junior picknick. Mrs. Baynton wuz over from Dawson Belpia, and they wuz awful bizz. The children wuz delighful. I wan in them towld me that the Captain wuz a powerful nice man, and I sed, "Yes, he's a rare hero." Mr. New says that he gits lot iv assistance from Rev. Mr. Ching and his little three-fourths. Mr. New says Mr. Ching is a converted man, very congenial, and very spritcheed, a clergymen that is thrue to his calling.

Extindin' me thrip as far as Dawson I meets Adams, and each iv them squald me dat. Her I found ivervithing modern and quite up to the last regulations, and the degin'rate kondition iv the sinners, the Army wuz holding its own. Faith, and ye shud have seen the brass band! There wuz exthry graie excitement whin its musick begin to penetrate the atmosphere. There wuz a silver kornet, two gittars, a banjo, a noddle, a tamborine, and a drum. That musick wuz graud—splendiferous.

"What do ye think iv Mr. Baynton?" says Pat. "Shure," says I, "and he's a foine looking oild warrior. Up to date as it were, and understanding his business, so to spake. I expect that he will start a revolution among the subjects iv the divole." "And Mrs. Baynton?" says Pat.

"Why, bliss her dear enthusiasm and gude sense is a grate wurth, full of Whin last seen Miss Hattie Baynton wuz giving the oild drum a terrible pounding, but as the people seemed to injie le, I said it was fine. Capt. Adams is gone. He delivered the sentiments of his heart to us before he left, and met wid a tremendous expression iv gratefod. Far and near men wuz beard saying that it wuz too bad the Captain hed to go, but that the grace of God the Captain will continue to bring powerful blessings to sivil concerned. Yer oild scut, Movin' Jerry, I



The Klondike Contingent.—C. C. Hattie Wynn, Capt. Adams, Capt. Baynton, Mrs. Capt. Baynton, Capt. New, Harold Baynton.

seeing seven out for a deeper work of grace. Sunday morning three, one in the afternoon, and four at night for salvation. We are engaging the City Hall to hold our Sunday night meetings in during the winter, as our own hall is altogether too small. Father St. Quentin, the oldest in the corps, has already given in his H. F. target, and \$3 over, setting a good example to the younger comrades.

WINGHAM. On Sunday, Sept. 9th, we had the Two Souls. joy of seeing two souls at the cross. Many more were greatly impressed and convicted, but would not yield. On Sunday,

ould heart," says I, "she is a grate wurth, full of enthusiasm and gude sense is a grate wurth, full of Whin last seen Miss Hattie Baynton wuz giving the oild drum a terrible pounding, but as the people seemed to injie le, I said it was fine. Capt. Adams is gone. He delivered the sentiments of his heart to us before he left, and met wid a tremendous expression iv gratefod. Far and near men wuz beard saying that it wuz too bad the Captain hed to go, but that the grace of God the Captain will continue to bring powerful blessings to sivil concerned. Yer oild scut, Movin' Jerry, I

Eastern Events.

By Ranger.

Halifax 1.—Adj. Carter is getting nicely into the harness at this corps, and he has already been blessed with some droppings of the shower that is to come. On a recent Sunday five souls sought Christ, and Cadet P. Cook fawelled for the Training College at Toronto.

Dartmouth.—Ensign and Mrs. Parsons came to Capt. Ogilvie's assistance for the Sunday meetings at this corps two weeks ago. Their work was most successful and resulted in the salvation of five lost ones.

Truro.—Capt. White, who is in charge here has been much encouraged by the victories he has already won. About fifty persons have been out for salvation, and finances are steadily improving. He has recently started a Chinese Bible Class in connection with the Sunday School. Miss Peterson is in charge of the new branch of the work, which is making splendid progress.

Westville.—Captain Smith is still pushing on the war in fine style in the mining town. He wound up his last Sunday with three souls in the fountain, and is looking forward to a visit from Brigadier Turner next week.

New Glasgow.—Ensign Percy told me that everything is progressing favorably in his command. Last Sunday's meetings resulted in the salvation of one soul. The Ensign will soon be going on a short furlough.

H. F. At all the above corps the officers are doing all that lies in their power to secure their targets, and the prospects at present are that success will crown their efforts.

The Acts of the Prophets.

According to Ranger.

Chapter 11.

1. And it came to pass that Frederick of Newfoundland, who is also called White, came up from St. John unto Truro to prophesy unto the inhabitants thereof.

2. And he abode there many days, and the work of the Lord prospered mightily in his hands.

3. And Percy, of the school of the prophets which is at Toronto, did come from Amherst unto Truro to the assistance of Frederick in the ministry.

4. Now there dwelt in the land of Acadia, nigh unto Halifax, a man named Atlee; and he was like unto the men of the tribe of Benjamin, for he stood three cubits two spans high, and he was left-handed.

5. The same also had experience in the work of the Lord, having prophesied in times past to the people of Bowmanville, Fessenden Falls, Toronto, and other place.

6. Unto him did Frederick send greeting, saying: "Come up, I pray thee, unto Truro, for I have need of thy assistance."

7. And Atlee said unto Sarah his wife: "Behold I go unto Truro to the aid of Frederick against the mighty."

8. And when he was come unto Truro the brethren (and the sisters) received him gladly, and gathering themselves together in the house of the Lord, they did praise God for all His goodness toward them.

9. And behold thou who knew not God arose and sought life with their whole hearts, and they did receive remission of their sins.

10. And the next day, being the Sabbath of the Gentiles, much people were gathered together to hear more of the doctrine of Jesus of Nazareth.

11. And in the evening of the Sabbath Day did Atlee stand up in the midst of the congregation, and after he had read the Scriptures he proclaimed to all that through faith in the shed blood of Christ there was deliverance from sin.

12. And the convicting Spirit of the Lord came mightily upon the people, inasmuch that four he loved and sought salvation; but many others hardened their hearts and rejected offered mercy.

13. And Atlee, rejoicing in Spirit, departed unto Westville, but Frederick and Percy abode in Truro and continued in the work of the Lord.

Promoted to Glory.

SISTER BLANCHE HATT, OF BEAR RIVER.

Once again we are reminded that "in the midst of life we are in death" by the most sudden promotion, Aug. 27th, of our dear comrade, Blanche Hatt.

She was stricken with typhoid fever for nearly sixteen days. Being unconscious until the last, we were unable to hear from her a parting testimony, but her life was good. Her whole desire was to help on the cause of Christ and do what she could for the advancement of His Kingdom. She always had a bright testimony to give. She had many difficulties to face, but she was a valiant warrior and has only laid down the cross to take up the crown. The funeral service was conducted by Rev. Mr. Ruggles assisted by the S. A. officers. The memorial service, which was very impressive, was held on the Sunday night following. Many were brought to see the shortness of time and the necessity of being ready to meet God. Although no one yielded, our comrade, the seed was sown. We shall miss our comrade, but God knows what is best. May God comfort the dear parents in this sad time of trial; also her brothers—may they be drawn nearer to Him who

was sent to heal the broken-hearted.—G. E. McNastors, Capt.

HANDSMAN FRANCIS, OF "500," ONT.

Last Friday we were called upon to lay to rest our dear comrade and handsman, Harry Francis. The band turned out and a nice crowd came to the hall, where a short service was held. Many hearts were touched as they looked upon our brother's face for the last time, and we were reminded that the young die as well as the old. As the funeral procession wended its way to the cemetery the band played "Abide with me." Our hearts went up to God in prayer that he would use it to the salvation of souls.

A memorial service was held on Sunday evening, when several of the comrades spoke of our departed brother's life for God, and at the close our hearts rejoiced over three souls at the mercy seat. Praise God. May we all be faithful until we meet our brother where parting is no more.—One who was there.

MRS. WARRING, OF HAMILTON 1.

One of our old soldiers has just recently received the summons to answer to her name in the great roll call. Mrs. Warring has suffered much during the past year with cancer. She has only had the pleasure of attending one service at the barracks in eight months, but enjoyed very much the visits and songs of officers, comrades, and Christian friends. How she would praise God again and again for His love and mercy. Her end, we believe, was peace.

May the Lord comfort, bless, and help those who are left behind.

In the absence of the officers Treas. Rowe conducted the funeral.

OUR HOSTLERS HONOR ROLL

Ah, here are the B. C. boomers at last. There is quite an array of them when they all turn out on parade, and the Yukon company is in the front rank, too.

We are pleased to notice that some increases are ordered this week. Oshawa goes 15 better, and out in Catalina, N.M., they have come to the conclusion that five more copies per week would suit them all right.



Now an Idea Has Just Struck Me.

Surely amongst so many valiant boomers as we have in Canada, there must be some who meet with strange experiences while selling their papers, and we invite them to send us in a short account of any incidents that come under their notice, for the benefit of other boomers, and the readers of the Cry in general. One is to hand this week, from Mrs. Richards, of Lissag St. Corps, Toronto, and we think it is a very striking example of the good that may be done through the War Cry.

The Frontispiece Led Him to God.

When I became a Salvationist I started to sell War Crys in a village about five miles from my home. One day I was sent for to pray with a young man who had been hurt in a mine. Entering the home the mother told me that the minister and several Christians had called, but he would not take any notice of them. I saw the young man, pleaded and sang, but apparently without any effect; so leaving the current issue of the War Cry, I prayed and left him. When I arrived at the village the next week, almost the first news that met me was, "Jack C.—is converted." I hurried to the house, and as soon as I saw the lad I knew it was really so. The change in his countenance was wonderful,

"Oh," he exclaimed, "I've not salvation; it's beautiful; I wish I knew it before." The mother told me that after I left the week before he took up the Cry and looked at the frontispiece (The Agony in the Garden of Gethsemane) and he gazed and gazed at it, until he cried for mercy and with no one near but the dear old mother, he found forgiveness. Jack today is in heaven. The last time I saw the grey-headed mother, with tears in her eyes, she said, "Amongst my dearest treasures is the faded leaf of that War Cry, the picture that led my boy to God."

East Ontario Province.

24 Boomers.

SERG. ARMSTRONG, MONTREAL 1...... 250
Mrs. Adj. Grichton, Ottawa 1..... 170
Lieut. Morris, Ottawa 1..... 125
Mrs. Ensign Clark, Pembroke..... 120
Lieut. Lawrence, Sherbrooke..... 120
Lieut. Stronach, Brockville..... 120
Capt. Oldford, Quebec..... 120

90 and Over.—Capt. Miller, Carleton Place; P. S.-M. Dudley, Ottawa 1.

80 and Over.—Lieut. Mercer, Smith's Falls; Lieut. Case, Cobourg.

70 and Over.—Eva Norman, Kingston.

60 and Over.—Capt. Thompson, Smith's Falls; Mary Massey, Minnie Casco, Carrie Ruse, Kingston; Sergt. Clapp, Picot; P. S.-M. Mulcahy, Montreal 1; Mrs. Ensign Bradbury, Morrisburg.

50 and Over.—Mrs. Barber, Mrs. Brown, Kingston; Lieut. Nicholson, Capt. Liddell, Napanee; Captain Osmond, Iroquois.

Northwest Province.

19 Boomers.

CAPT. SHEPPARD, WINNIPEG 1...... 250
Lieut. Chivens, Edmonton..... 200
Lieut. Dillabough, Portage la Prairie..... 145
Lieut. Johnson, Fort Arthur..... 145
Lieut. Mirey, Prince Albert..... 125
Ensign Wilson, Calgary..... 125
Sergt. Barton, Winnipeg 1..... 125
Lieut. Smith, Medicine Hat..... 120
Ensign Crego, Port William..... 120

Lieut. Watson, Moose Jaw, 90; Cand. B. Cameron, Wetaskiwin, 75; Sergt. Carlsson, Winnipeg 1, 72; Lieut. Coleman, Regina, 60; Sergt. Wingate, Winnipeg 1, 65.

50 Copies.—Lieut. McKay, Fort William; Sergt. Taylor, Sergt. Chapman, Winnipeg 1; Lieut. Norman, Saskatoon; Lieut. Flester, Lethbridge.

New Ontario Division.

22 Boomers.

CAPT. WALKER, SOO, ONT...... 150
Mrs. Adj. Hoddinott, Orillia..... 140
Capt. M. Crocker, Midland..... 125
Mrs. Jones, Huntsville..... 120
Capt. Obislett, New Liskeard..... 115
Capt. Hall, Bracebridge..... 102

Lieut. Wilkins, Parry Sound, 85; Adj. Mercer, North Bay, 80; Capt. Duckworth, Sturgeon Falls, 80; Lieut. Boynton, Burk's Falls, 70; Lieut. Crowther, Kilmont, 67; Adj. McCann, Lindsay, 63; Capt. Dauberville, Lindsay, 62; Lieut. Peterson, Barrie, 60; Mrs. Capt. Calvert, Soo, Mich., 60.

50 Copies.—Lieut. Russell, Soo, Ont.; Capt. Meeks, Gravenhurst.

Training Home Province.

21 Boomers.

MRS. BURROWS, HAMILTON 1...... 250
Sergt. Mr. Moore, Riverton..... 150
Mrs. Cowie, Temple..... 150
C.-C. Williams, Lippincott..... 140
Sister L. Kent, Lissag St..... 130
Lieut. Patrick, Hamilton 1..... 125
Capt. Burgess, Toronto Junction..... 100

Capt. Thomas, Dundas, 93; Capt. Meader, Yorkville, 90; Lieut. Carey, Newmarket, 80; C.-C. Bradley, Temple, 76; Adj. Newman, St. Catharines, 75; Bro. Walden, St. Catharines, 75; Lieut. Heron, Parliament St., 68; Mrs. Groenke, Niagara Falls, 65; J. S.-M. Jordan, Esther St., 50.

50 Copies.—Adj. Knight, Hamilton 1; Lieut. Kelley, Niagara Falls; Lieut. Hibbs, Esther St.; Mrs. Bradley, Maud Waite, Temple.

Pacific Province.

13 Boomers.

CAPT. TRAVIS, VICTORIA..... 200
Mrs. Capt. Baynton, Dawson..... 150
Capt. Sainsbury, New Westminster..... 125
Alice Campbell, Fernie..... 105
Capt. Allen, Revelstoke..... 100
Lieut. Dave, Nanaimo..... 100

Capt. Knudson, Vancouver, 95; Cadet Nelson, Vancouver, 80; Mrs. Captain Johnstone, Massie, 70; Wright, Nelson 80; Sister Little, Victoria, 65.

50 Copies.—Ensign Rose, Mrs. Ensign Rose, Rossland.

Newfoundland Province.

14 Boomers.

SERG. PYNNE, ST. JOHN'S 1...... 200
Cadet Price, Cadet Fowler, St. John's 11, 90;
Cadet Calves, St. John's 1, 85.

50 and Over.—Jesse Inken, Burin; Lieut. T. Joy, St. John's 1; Cadet Tucker, Cadet Porter, Edgar, C.-C. Allen, St. John's 11, Florence; Bonno Bay; Cadet Inken, St. John's; Harris, Sergt. Whitten, St. John's.

The Fall Councils

FOR ONTARIO

WILL BE HELD AT

Toronto, from October 10th to 15th.

FIVE DAYS HEAVEN-ON-EARTH MEETINGS.

WEDNESDAY, October 10. Reception to Officers and Soldiers in the Temple, THE COMMISSIONER in Command. His Worship Mayor Coatsworth, supported by the City Council, will Officially Welcome the Delegates.

Refreshments will be provided for Officers and Soldiers in the Council Chamber and Jubilee Hall from 6.30 to 7 p.m.

THURSDAY, October 11th. Officers' Councils all day. Inauguration of Special Holiness Campaign, Conducted by the COMMISSIONER, at 8 p.m.

FRIDAY, October 12th. Officers' Councils.

SATURDAY, October 13th. Extraordinary Open-Air Bombardments. The Chief Secretary will conduct a Meeting in the Temple at 8 p.m. Prominent Staff Officers will give short Addresses.

SUNDAY, October 14th. THE CHIEF SECRETARY will conduct a Holiness Meeting in the Temple.

Sunday in Massey Hall.

AT THREE O'CLOCK IN THE AFTERNOON AN IMPRESSIVE

Musical Memorial Service

FOR THE OFFICERS AND SOLDIERS NOW IN HEAVEN, CONDUCTED BY

THE COMMISSIONER,
ASSISTED BY THE ENTIRE STAFF.

Music by the Massed Bands, and Special Singing by White-Robed Songsters.

AT SEVEN O'CLOCK IN THE EVENING THE LATEST AND MOST WONDERFUL PRODUCTION OF THE LIFE OF CHRIST,

From Bethlehem to Calvary,

PORTRAYED BY TWO OR THREE THOUSAND FEET OF

Moving Pictures.

The Initial Cost of the Original Films was upwards of \$10,000, and this is the first time a copy of them may be seen in Canada. The Service will be augmented by Short Readings, and Splendid Pictures by Hoffmann, Tissot, Holman Hunt, and others.

Splendid Music by Massed Bands, and Special and Appropriate Singing.

MONDAY, October 15th. All Day with God at the Temple. The Commissioner in Command.